

BEAU

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
FOR MODERN MAN

JUNE 1966 60c

United States:

**VEGAS' SEXY
FOREIGN LEGION**

Sweden:

**HELL ON TWO
WHEELS**

England:

**Cover Girl ▶
GINA GRAHAM**

*Doll of
the Month*

JUNE PALMER
Uncovers Inside

Germany:

**PARADE CAR
FOR A MADMAN**

plus

GALLERY OF

NUDES



Introducing BEAU

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MODERN MAN



ENGLAND—Page 17

SWEDEN—Page 26



IT IS WITH considerable pride, and a great deal of satisfaction, that we introduce BEAU, an entirely new magazine concept for the enjoyment of modern men-of-the-world. Designed as a passport to pleasure, BEAU will be taking you in the months to come on fascinating trips around the globe with delightful sojourns in all the exotic ports-of-call, from New York to Tokyo and Timbuktu. The scenery, you will discover, is superb, abounding with many long-stemmed beauties along the way. Colorfully decorating the landscape of this, our debut edition, are our lovely cover girl, Gina Graham (left, and uncovered on page 17); a wondrous group of international dancing dolls who are currently making the gamblers forget their dancing dice in Las Vegas (below, and page 8); and June Palmer, England's most photographed nude (page 42). Lean back and relax as we speed along the byways of the world that are resplendent with easy-to-look-at billboards. Then, we will put you in the grandstands where you'll thrill to the wild motorpyscho races in Sweden (bottom left, and page 26). And also in this issue, we will wing you to Berlin, Paris, London, as well as Hollywood, U.S.A. There are many stimulating features ahead that we'll let you discover for yourselves, including a gallery of nude studies that should stir even the most unartistic souls. We welcome you aboard on our "maiden" voyage, and wish you a pleasant journey.

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BEAU

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
FOR MODERN MAN

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JUNE, 1966

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND

MOST AMUSING non-fiction memoirs to flit out of the international jet set is *Bettina*, the autobiography by the French fashion model of the same name, and intimate of the late Aly Kahn. The book reveals such interesting bits of information as the fact that Ali used to gather his Parisian friends and treat them to a horror movie—so that he could get some sleep. Bettina was cautioned to awaken him in the event he snored during the main feature. “But never once did he fail to treat me as a wife,” said Bettina, recalling their five-year relationship. The only trouble with that arrangement is that Aly never got around to marrying her.

MOST UNABASHED actress in Hollywood these days appears to be Carol Lynley, who starred in *Electronovision's Harlow* film. She recently revealed to columnist Sheila Graham why she posed in the buff for *Playboy* magazine:



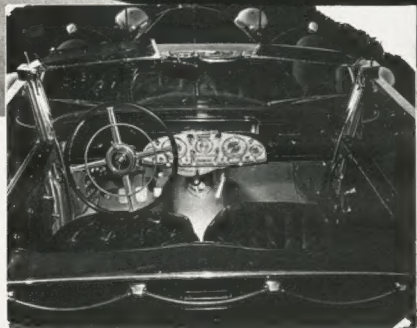
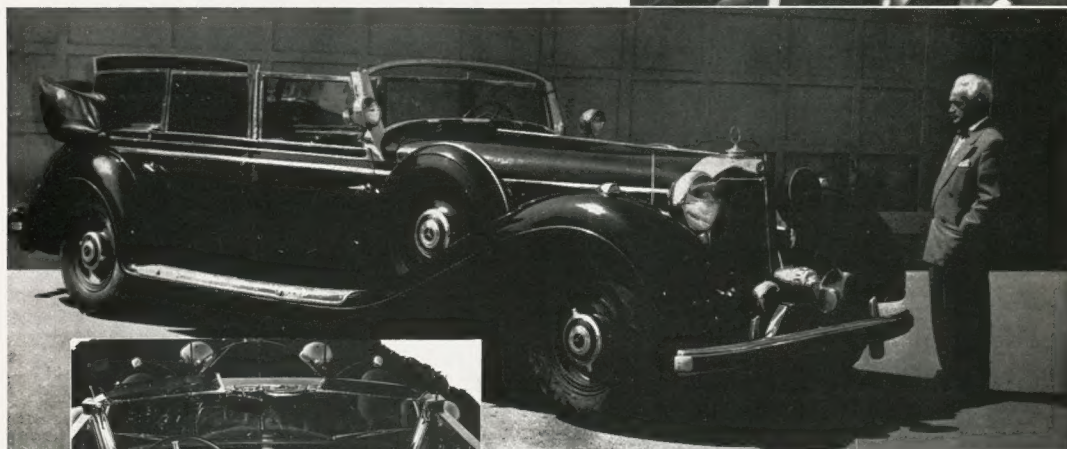
“I did it because I wanted to,” she said. “I wanted to do it so much that I wouldn’t even take the money. I didn’t wear a stitch and I felt wonderful all over.” But that apparently was the end of it. “From now on, I’ll definitely keep my clothes on,” she avowed. “You see, I’m susceptible to chest colds.”

MOST EXCLUSIVE sucker traps in the world are not the Las Vegas or Monte Carlo kind but, surprisingly, the gambling houses of London. Since wagering was legalized in Great Britain in 1960, staid old English gaming “clubs” have been going to extremes to lure American loot; even to the costly extent of paying most expenses for jaunting groups of Yankee high-rollers. A Texas oil man or Wall Street banker can get a round-trip jet to London, a week at a top hotel, and meals for \$250—while the casino’s share of the group fare may be as high as \$60,000. But the house wins it back at the crap tables. Said one American gambler in a recent issue of *TIME* Magazine: “They’re more cultured and genteel-like, but they’re no different from Vegas. The aim of the game is still to bleed you as quickly as they can without actually spilling it on the floor.” Travel is broadening, and flattening, too, pardner.

Parade Car for a Madman

An awesome prop for spectacular razzle-dazzle, Hitler's five-ton armored war chariot played major role in big bluff of Nazi muscle.

By David Henderson



PARKED in suburban drive during U.S. tour (above), Mercedes-Benz "Grosser" has made long journey since used by Hitler in Nazi military pageants (top). Close-up view of interior (left) reveals over 40 instruments, switches, dials, levers, including ignition timing control at center of steering wheel that can be set on battery ignition, magneto ignition, or both for quick starts. Supercharged vehicle has top speed of 135 mph, 56-gallon fuel capacity.

THE TIME WAS 1941. The world was ablaze with World War II. While the countries around Germany fell under the crushing boot of the Nazi Storm Troopers, the people of Berlin—beyond earshot of the bombs and cannon fire—were brainwashed by a megalomaniac into believing that *das Fatherland* was invincible. To convince them, great legions of goose-stepping infantry thumped rhythmic beats through the city's streets, while overhead hummed seemingly endless squadrons of aircraft. There were tanks and artillery, trumpets, flags, and generals; and of course, there were columns of mammoth black limousines filled with the Nazi high command.

Leading this splendid pageant in one of the shiny cars equipped with 1¼-inch thick bulletproof glass and heavy armor plating, the madman alone maintained a singular identity over the throbbing, faceless masses of human beings. In a screaming voice, he reported magnificent victories and promised that the Reichstag would soon hold the whole civilized world under its rule.

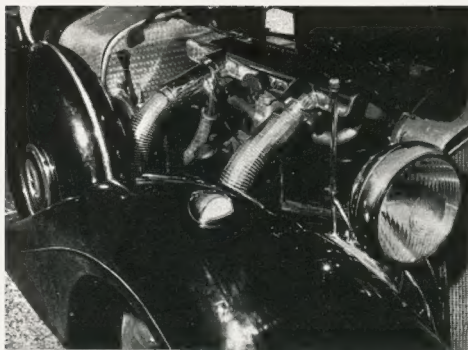
Adolph Hitler thus presented a perfect symbol of unlimited power.

But only a few years later, Hitler—like millions of his

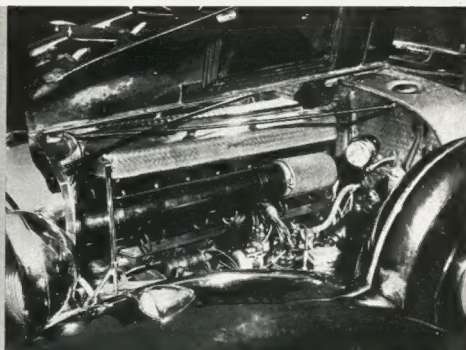
innocent victims—was dead. The invincible Nazi Army, Navy, and Air Force were reduced to smoldering wreckage. Most of Europe lay in ashes. Berlin itself, surrounded by the Russians, collapsed until every street, building, and subway tube contained death. Hitler, unable to face defeat and humiliation, had killed himself.

Today, all that remains beyond memories of Hitler is the black limousine from which he brandished his swastika-banded left arm in grandiose gestures. In 1948, an American importer-exporter named Christopher Janus—after waiting two years for delivery of a then-hard-to-get new Ford—managed to purchase Hitler's private car in only 30 days.

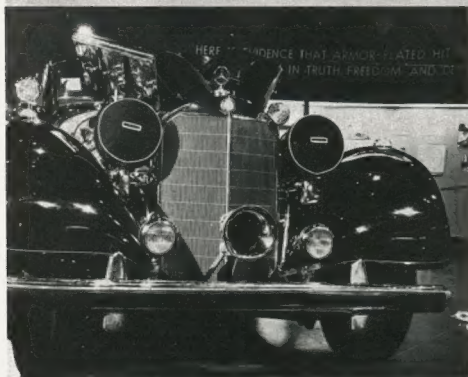
A Mercedes-Benz "Grosser" 770 with a top speed of 135 mph, the car has been exhibited in the U.S. to raise charity funds for the benefit of Hitler's victims. Thousands of people whom *der Fuhrer* planned to rule gawked at the car's impressive five-ton size, and many sat on its plush leather upholstery and fiddled with the 40 dashboard instruments. Some opened all 13 compartments, counted the 13 keys and 13 lights, and commented on what had been an extremely unlucky number for Adolph. A few others stood



TWIN exhausts (above) are chrome-plated.



IGNITION system has two plugs per cylinder.



Specifications of Hitler's Mercedes

MODEL	DIMENSIONS
Grosser Mercedes 770	Overall length . . 236¼ in.
Net weight . . . 7500 lbs.	Wheelbase 153 in.
Armor 2000 lbs.	Overall width . . 81½ in.
Fuel oil, coolant . . 500 lbs.	Overall height . . . 71 in.
Total weight . . 10,000 lbs.	Turning radius . . 29.6 ft.
ENGINE	Tire size 8.25-17
230-hp valve-in-head eight with supercharger.	CAPACITIES
TRANSMISSION	Coolant 7.93 gal.
5-speed overdrive, syn- chromesh 2nd-5th gears.	Gas tank 51.55 gal.
	Gas reserve . . . 5.28 gal.
	Crankcase oil . . . 9.5 qt.

HOODED headlamps (left) were used for driving in blackouts. Car has 13 lights, 13 keys, 13 compartments.

where Hitler had once stood and mocked his stiff-armed Nazi salute.

As a symbol of a toppled dictator, the limousine was a side show freak. It was exhibited the way Hitler frantically feared he himself would be exhibited if captured alive by the Allies.

But, as an example of prewar Mercedes-Benz engineering, the car is altogether something else. It has a pedigree that goes back to the earliest days of motoring, when the two most prominent names in automotive Europe were Karl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler. When their firms merged in 1924, they established a new engineering department headed by Hans Nibel and Dr. Ing. Ferdinand Porsche.

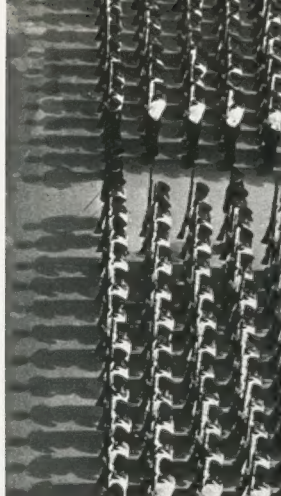
Porsche, of course, is well-known for the cars which bear his name, his design of the Volkswagen, the Tiger tank, the Auto-Union P-wagens of the mid '30s, and those cars he developed for Mercedes-Benz shortly after the merger: the fabulous S, SS, SSK, and SSKL series of racing sports. Nibel, not so famed as Porsche, was responsible for the world-beating Mercedes Grand Prix cars which came on the racing scene with screaming superchargers in 1934, and also some of the firm's big domestic machinery.

When Porsche left Mercedes-Benz on the last day of 1928, his penchant for overhead cam design was replaced

by Nibel's era of pushrods and rocker arms. Shortly after, the layout was undertaken for the first "Grosser."

Shown initially in prototype form, the Grosser, as the 770 series was always known, had undergone two years of extensive trials when it was put into series production in 1930—the year Hitler was becoming a household word in Germany with over 100 Nazi deputies in the Reichstag. At this time, however, the Grosser was ugly as sin, being big, squarish, and stiff looking. Its impressiveness, even in size, had been diminished somewhat by the introduction of the Type 41 Bugatti "Royale" in 1928. But it was the top of the line in Mercedes' prestige cars, and the Stuttgart firm lost no time in correcting its aesthetic deficiencies. By the time Hitler gained control of the Reichstag in 1934, the Grosser was ready for him. He could stand on the car's special jump seat for hours on end before the Nazi party conventions in Nuremberg, secure in the knowledge that his rolling reviewing stand was as handsome and fine a piece of machinery as could be found in the world—a fitting pedestal for *der Fuhrer* of a rapidly burgeoning military power.

It is not easy to chronicle the cars coming from beyond the Rhine during the Nazi regime, but the pages of the *Allgemeine Automobil Zeitung*, (Continued on Page 52)





ENGLAND

Irene Mansfield

STANDING 5' 10", statuesque Irene Mansfield is import from London who attended private school, studied liberal arts until she grew to 37-24-38 showgirl proportions. Serving in Tropicana chorus, she is indoor type—because, she claims, British complexions are not suited to sunlight.



Drawn to Nevada desert from faraway places, torrid troops in female version of famed army do not bear arms—but do bare many other things.

By Jay J. Howard

DRILLING in desert (above), Vegas lovely Legionnaires "fall in" for photos before passing in review at Tropicana.

The Las Vegas Foreign Legion

FANS OF THE disbanding French Foreign Legion need no longer mourn the loss. The famed army group has a successor, just as exciting and colorful—and a whole lot prettier. These new Legionnaires came to the desert—in Nevada—from all parts of the world to serve as Hotel Tropicana showgirls in that glittering money-green oasis of Las Vegas. Their uniforms are wisps of lace, frou-frous of feathers, and spike heels. Many of them, like the men of the *Légion Etrangère*, left behind their "pasts"—as secretaries, students, or models—and joined a group set apart by a bizarre way of life and strong *esprit de corps*. There are Americans in this Vegas version of Sidi-bel-Abbès—just as there were in Algeria—and they help the others adjust to the new surroundings. For most of the imports, the U.S. is neon-colored, since they have few opportunities to travel. Whatever else they know about America comes from magazines. And what is the reason for the Vegas FL? Explains a Tropicana official: "How many perfectly beautiful girls can you find in any one country, even the United States? And there is beauty in variety. Name it and we have it." From this troops pictured above, we have selected seven on the following pages to illustrate the variety. We cannot blame any fella who tries to enlist, but warn that it is no use—he will never pass the physical.

B

SINGAPORE

June Clark

TRAVELING from her native Singapore to Australia, Paris, London, June Clark learned to dance in night clubs on way to Vegas, was well-equipped for chorus job when she arrived—especially with 35½-22-36 figure. Night clubbing—"when I can sit and watch"—is her favorite sport.



UNITED STATES

Joyce Williams

RAISED in Texas, 35-22-35 Joyce Williams is one of few Americans in "Foreign Legion" at Tropicana. She "fooled around" with various interests until she found herself modeling, then appearing on TV, finally strutting on Vegas stages. "You don't train to be a showgirl," she says. "You just suddenly begin to look like one. . . ."

AUSTRALIA

Felicia Atkins

WINNING rare distinction of having her name in lights, Felicia Atkins is star showgirl, yet she does little more than walk around looking gorgeous in 39½-26-36 figure. Holding title of Miss Tropicana, Miss South Pacific, perennial Vegas showstopper, Felicia came to U.S. with touring water ballet show.



GERMANY

Renate Hinzman

DURING her youth in Cologne, Germany, Renate Hinzman studied ballet but "grew too much" to make the corps de ballet. Switching to modern dancing, she came to Nevada, fell in love with desert because she likes fast car driving. "Lovely space for racing," she says. Renate also thinks she looks a little like "Sophia Loren in German."



UNITED STATES

Pat Taylor

PERSUADED by an office friend to try modeling, New York-born secretary Pat Taylor heeded her advice, won a TV beauty contest, was soon on her way to Vegas. An on-stage sidekick of Felicia Atkins, Pat announces each act, enjoys tutoring foreign girls. "It's like a world tour," she says.



FRANCE

Colette Bousquet

BRINGING authenticity to Tropicana's French-style shows, Parisienne Colette Bousquet is an ex-medical student from University of Paris who fled medicine after winning *Premier Prix* award for comedy in drama school. She came to Vegas from Folies Bergere, decorates show with hourglass 36-22-36 proportions. She also enjoys decorating apartment, is saving for mink coat.

The Story of

COLT

versus

A SHOT BY SHOT ACCOUNT OF THE TRIAL
BETWEEN COLT'S THUER CONVERSION AND
THE BRITISH ARMY REVOLVER BY ADAMS

By JOSEPH G. ROSA

ADAMS

WHEN THE CIVIL WAR ended, Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company faced one of its biggest challenges: Rollin White's monopoly of the American patent rights for bored through cylinders. But in the true Sam Colt tradition they were prepared to fight for survival.

Rollin White had secured the patent in 1855. He had tried to interest Sam Colt in his idea, but Colt was not impressed, whereas Smith and Wesson were. The result was that Smith and Wesson secured the exclusive right to produce cartridge revolvers in the United States until the patent expired on April 3, 1869.

For Colt, Remington, and the other manufacturers, this embargo was frustrating—and comments from abroad did not help much. When the influential "Illustrated London News" publicized the situation, Colt's sat up and took notice.

In its issue for August 31, 1867, when reporting the Paris International Exhibition, the "News" remarked that both Colt and Smith and Wesson were

**ADAMS'S NEW PATENT
DOUBLE
ACTION**



**CENTRAL FIRE
BREECH-LOADING REVOLVERS.**

As Exclusively Adopted by H.M.'s War Department,
Of the Finest London Manufacture, and Warranted.
Sole Manufacturers by Special Steam Machinery.

ADAMS'S PATENT SMALL ARMS COMPANY.

JOHN ADAMS, Managing Director,
CONTRACTORS TO H.M.'s War Department,
391, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Cartridges specially designed for the above by Col. BAKER, R.A.
Chief Superintendent of the Royal Laboratories, Woolwich.



Diagram of twenty-four shots, at thirty yards' distance, made at Woolwich with this Revolver at a Target 1 ft. square.

This Company is now Converting the Service
54 Gauge Revolvers to this System for H.M.'s
War Department, &c.

For special articles on the recent competitive trials at the Royal
Arsenal Woolwich (Colt v. Adams), see "Times," Oct. 21st,
"Daily Telegraph," Oct. 22nd; "Essexman," Oct. 22nd; "Pall Mall
Gazette," Oct. 23rd, &c. Reprints of the articles, and Price Lists,
with particulars, can be obtained on application. T998

Breech-loading Guns, Rifles, & Appurtenances of all kinds.

John Adams made good use of the success
of his gun at the Woolrich trials, as
evidenced by advertisement shown above.



Top: Beaumont Adams' .450 center fire cap & ball. Center: The 1867 Adams—it beat Colt's Thuer conversion in tests. Bottom: The 1872 Adams, a sequel to the 1867 model.



The 1872 Adams, worthy successor to the 1867 model British Army revolver that beat the Thuer in 1869.

exhibiting. Explaining Colt's difficulties over patent rights and their reluctance to manufacture under license from Smith and Wesson, it said: "It may perhaps not be impossible to contrive a pistol adapted to self-igniting cartridges, the chambers of which are not bored from end to end, such an arrangement is necessarily a roundabout way of achieving what Messrs. Smith and Wesson, by virtue of their patent, accomplish much more simply."

It was also noted that, "In countries where Messrs. Smith and Wesson's patent does not hold the system of capping revolvers, as we have noticed, has entirely disappeared."

Back in Hartford, General Franklin, President of Colt's, read this and other reports with some anxiety. His concern was shared by one other man who had the interests of the Colt name and tradition very much at heart — F. Alexander Thuer.

Thuer was a Prussian who had joined Colt about 1849. For 46 years he was closely connected with the design and manufacture of Colt's pistols. On September 15, 1868, he patented a method of converting Colt's percussion pistols to a center-fire metallic front-loading cartridge which did not infringe the Rollin White patent. Its considered advantage was that it enabled the pistol to be used as either

a percussion or cartridge revolver by the simple exchanging of the cylinders.

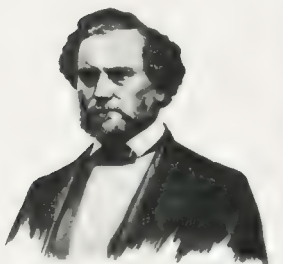
Essentially, the idea was to cut off the rear of the cylinder, which housed the nipples, and fit a plate or ring that was independent of the cylinder. Placed on a tube, which had the cylinder turning ratchet on its end, the ring contained a rebounding firing pin and the ejector. The pin was not unusual, but the ejector was unique. When the thumbpiece on the outside of the ring was moved to the right of the hammer, the pistol was ready for firing. To eject, the thumbpiece was moved to the left and the hammer was then snapped so that it hit the head of the spring operated striker, which punched the spent shells forward out of the chambers. Each time the hammer was cocked the spring returned the striker into position.

In promoting the conversion, Colt's seem to have concentrated on the English rather than the home market. Their London agent, Baron Von Oppen, had a number of the standard cap and ball pistols converted by a London gunsmith in the early months of 1869.

Before launching into extensive advertising, Colt's decided to test the reaction of the British War Office to the new revolvers. The result was favorable, but it was pointed out that while the .44 caliber 1860 Army pistol functioned well, the .36 caliber 1851 Navy did not. This was believed to be because there may have been some inaccuracy in the chambers or size of the cartridges supplied.

Van Oppen was now hopeful of sales and started to advertise. This initial publicity resulted in a trial before the public at the Crystal Palace on July 10, where the new revolvers were greeted with approval. "Accuracy and penetration were all that could be desired," commented "The Mechanics' Magazine" of July 23. "This improvement is a step in the right direction, and will add to the fame of the already far-famed Colt revolver."

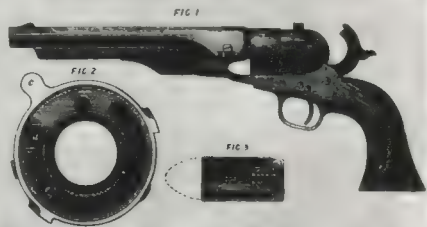
This view, however, was not shared by a rival publication, "The Engineer," which said: "We have not seen the new system thoroughly tried and therefore we cannot express an opinion as to its success, but at present we are not inclined to think that it is the most simple contrivance that could have been suggested." (Continued on Page 58)



Sam Colt, the man who invented the Colt revolver. His company based all its hopes on the Thuer conversion that lost at Woolwich.

THE COLT BREECH-LOADING REVOLVER.

Last Saturday afternoon a trial of the new Colt system of breech loading revolvers took place at the Crystal Palace. The accompanying engraving will clearly show the nature of the new arm. Fig. 1 shows the whole pistol. Fig. 2 the breech rise, and Fig. 3 a section of the rear ridge shell. In converting an ordinary muzzle loading Colt to a breech loader, all that is necessary is to cut off the rear end of the chamber with the nipples and to substitute the lance shown in Fig. 2. This device contains both the striker and the extractor. There is nothing remarkable in this either, which is merely an ordinary pin, but the extractor requires some explanation. The cartridges are inserted from the front as the old skin cartridge were, and when fired the shells are extracted as follows:—First of all, the lance itself is rotated a short distance by the projecting line until the head of the extractor arrow under the hammer, where the striker was previously. If now the trigger be pulled the hammer will drive forward the head of the striker and the small lance, hinged at c, and at the same time cause the extractor to strike against the base of the shell, and so drive it



forward out of the chamber when the hammer is raised. The spring / returns the extractor thoroughly tried, and therefore we cannot express an opinion as to its success, but at present we are not inclined to think that it is the most simple contrivance that could have been suggested.

Gina Graham

UNCOVERED COVER GIRL

THERE IS something special in the choice of Gina Graham as this, our very first edition's Cover Girl—that is, besides what are obvious good reasons. Gina, you see, is English; she lives in foggy old London, and that is almost in our very back yard of our editorial offices. However, looking toward future issues, half of our uncovered curvaceous cuties hail from foreign countries. Grasp the significance? Not only domestic dolls, but the whole world of women is available to our new readers. Ah, the wonders of the Space Age!

While it may not seem so noteworthy in view of 1966's scientific advances, it is nevertheless quite an achievement for us to gather up our goodies from the far reaches of this planet. Like Telstar, it means better understanding and communications with the people of other lands; and what better people are there to communicate with than the women—especially those who measure up to Gina's 36-23-36 caliber! This kind of understanding we understand, man.





UNCOVERED COVER GIRL

Naturally, being English, Gina speaks English—so there is no language barrier. If there were, she would talk the jargon of any red-blooded, globe-trotter by merely flashing her bewitching smile and wriggling her beckoning rear deck. A model in London's fashion circles. Gina is like most British career gal during the day: neat, sophisticated, well-mannered, intelligent. After-hours, her habits show slight variations. She prefers fish 'n chips to hamburgers; she likes gin better than bourbon; and where most stateside chicks dig sleek English sports cars, Gina flips over flashy American sedans. She also says petrol for gas and lift for elevator; but her word for date is date, love is love, and yes is yes. On such points, Yanks will have no problems.

In the future, we will offer more foreign females, since gals are gals in any language, available fully equipped with the same extras found on domestic models. Which all proves it's a small world—and that is damn good fortune for all us gents. **B**

EXHIBITING her modeling talents—expression-wise or otherwise—Gina creates variety of moods from simple smile (above left) to high-powered allure (above center), girlish modesty (below). Fair complexion, blonde hair are well-suited to full-color close-ups as demonstrated with photo by London photog Ed Alexander (opposite page).





ADAM AND HIS EVES



HELPING Cora Caravelle apply make-up, Don Adam hastens preparations for night club act. His "Eves" include Cora (below left), Rita Himalaya (above left), Bella Balalayka (below).



Enterprising showman rediscovers paradise with dishes as tempting as forbidden fruit.

By Max Harris

ONCE UPON A TIME a guy named Adam met a chick named Eve, and she promptly got them both booted out of paradise. The life of man has been drudgery ever since. But now, it appears, a modern-day Adam has rediscovered paradise of a sort—assuming paradise is where you find Eve—because he has enough Eve-like creatures to strip bare an entire apple orchard. He is Don Adam, the top strip tease impresario on the Continent.

On the surface, it would seem that Don Adam really has it made. For a living, all he does is: (A) collect beautiful girls; (B) teach them how to shed their duds; (C) book them into Europe's swankest nightclubs; (D) settle back and count his commissions.

However, nothing is ever that easy, and Adam—like ordinary guys—

EYEING his name in lights (above), Adam joins two fillies from his stable of strippers at Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris (below). His girls are noted throughout Europe for exotic beauty, unusual strip tease routines.



has his day-to-day difficulties. For instance, finding new girls is a problem. He spends long hours at beaches in St. Tropez, Monte Carlo, or wherever girls gather in Europe, just watching for curves. After awhile, he practically has to force himself. Then, when he does find a couple of good-looking, comes the hard part—teaching them how to strip. Did *you* ever teach a girl how to strip? Unless Adam has found some method, he is keeping secret. About all one can do is . . . demonstrate. For instance, first the teacher would take off something, then the student would take off something, and so forth. Right? Repeated often enough, such lessons would soon be interrupted by the gendarmes. Also, there are other bothersome little problems—costume costs, passports, work permits, bail. Arranging bookings requires travel, phone calls, and contacts. Then, before Adam can count his commissions, he has to collect them. His girls could blow town with the loot, complain that their percentages are too low, or demand union privileges. So you see, life is not all a bowl of cherries—as the song says. Not even for Don Adam. Keeping that in mind, the working man may feel less envious. The trouble is, how does a guy keep a thing like that in mind when his eyes keep looking at all those Eves? **B**



POSING with agent Adam (above), famous Baron twins double his pleasure, commissions. Performing (left, below), other strippers wear less and less as patrons enjoy more and more.





CHARLES NUNGESSER:

IRON ACE of FRANCE

Battling bon vivant, he blazed way to hearts of women, world with daring WWI exploits.

By Harry Bates

DAWN HAD NOT COME UP over the airfield at St. Pol, France, on July 31, 1915, when the stillness that follows an uneasy night of bombardment was broken by the deep-throated rumble of a single Voisin bomber taking off. Soaring into the sky, the lumbering crate labored to reach altitude on a test flight.

Finally, the pilot pushed it up to 5000 feet and began a series of maneuvers—left banks, right banks, shallow dives, turns, and a loop. Everything checked out. Then, as he climbed back to the 5000-foot altitude, he spotted five German two-seater bombers flying to the west. One of them, he saw, slowly swung away from the formation to attack a French observation balloon floating at the top of its cable near the lines at the city of Bezaumont.

The Voisin pilot lost no time heading for the enemy bomber. Fortunately, the new plane he was testing had a full tray of ammunition for its swivel-mounted rapid-fire rifle. Diving down on the attacking Hun, the pilot fired a burst from close range. One of the slugs tore into the nose of the German plane, ripping into the carburetor, and the French pilot watched as it crashed-landed in the fields below.

Flushed with victory, the French pilot returned to his base and filed a report. But to his dismay, he discovered that the artillery had claimed the downed plane. The chagrined pilot hotly wrote a letter of protest, backing it up with the signed testimony of front-line observers. Eventually, he was credited with the kill.

The kill was the first aerial victory of Charles Eugene Jules Marie Nungesser, the man who was to become France's most colorful World War I ace. At war's end, only one living Frenchman had matched Nungesser's bag of 45 confirmed victories over German aircraft and balloons. Only the legendary Georges Guynemer had surpassed him. But not even Guynemer, with his multiple wounds before he was



FLYER, fighter, auto racer, Charles Nungesser became one of the most decorated aces in World War I, died in unsuccessful try at trans-Atlantic crossing.

MYSTERY OF NUNGESSER FLIGHT IN '27, REVIVED IN '61.



DISCUSSING fragment of airplane (right), officials believe bit of wreckage to be part of plane flown by Charles Nungesser, Francois Coli in 1927 attempt to cross Atlantic from France. Wreckage was found off coast of Maine recently by lobster fishermen. Monument (above right) was dedicated to daring French aviators, both World War I aces, but was destroyed in 1942 on direct orders of Hermann Goering. Standing in ill-fated plane (above), Nungesser, one-eyed Coli prepare for take-off from Le Bourget airport. America's Charles Lindbergh finally made trans-Atlantic flight 12 days later, but Frenchmen, he said, were trying more difficult east-to-west trip, against prevailing winds. Discovery of wreckage may at last solve 34-year-old air mystery.

killed in aerial combat in 1917, could have matched the "indestructible" Nungesser scar for scar.

Seventeen wounds and a half dozen crack-ups in four years of fighting finally rendered Charles Nungesser unfit for military service. But even these could not kill him. His vitality and flamboyance made him a hero to the French populace. And when the newspapermen called him the "iron man," they were not being platitudinous.

Nungesser was born in a Paris suburb, the son of a small businessman. He had an easy ability with gymnastics and sports. His regular, square-jawed features, blond hair, and blue eyes, coupled with a brimming zest for life, made him popular with the girls. When he was 16, his father was shocked to learn that his son was having an affair with a married woman.

"But, *mon papa*," the young Nungesser explained "if one excludes the married women for morals, the unmarried ones for virtue, then there's no one left but widows and divorcees." Papa Nungesser advised a trip, and soon afterward, Charles Nungesser was on his way to South America to visit an uncle in Brazil.

Undismayed by the fact that his uncle had moved without leaving a forwarding address, young Nungesser

went to work in a factory as a mechanic for an automobile importer. He spent his spare time weight-lifting, swimming, and in other sports, including auto racing.

He took part in the rugged *Cordillera des Andes* 24-hour endurance contest, making the hazardous crossing among the first cars in the starting field.

Shortly afterward, he left his factory job and became a mechanic for a French aviator named Gerard. Gerard was giving exhibition flights in South America at the time, and he taught Charles to fly, a feat which involved practically no effort since Nungesser took to the new art as though he had been born with a joy-stick in his hands.

Together, Gerard and Nungesser flew all over Uruguay and Argentina. It was in Argentina that the fighting determination of the 17-year-old world traveler was to first show itself. Attending a boxing match one night where the main event was between the Argentine champion and a French contender, Nungesser was disgusted when his fellow countryman was knocked out in the first round.

Everything would have been all right, except the champ could not keep his mouth shut. Following his knockout of the Frenchman, the Argentinian made a few pointed comments about the courage of Frenchmen in general. It was



BUZZING over German trenches, Nungesser bombs enemy troops.

all Nungesser needed. He immediately yelled a challenge, stripped off his jacket, and within minutes he was in the ring with the professional boxer.

The crowd howled with delight as blow after blow crunched solidly into the body of the slightly built youth. They were out for raw entertainment—and they were getting more than they paid for. Through puffed eyes, Nungesser could just manage to see his opponent. Even after the champ had him floored 15 times, he was not willing to quit. Suddenly, he fainted to one side, and with all his remaining strength, blasted a right hook to the South American's jaw. The champ crumpled to the canvas as the crowd went wild for Nungesser.

Shortly after the boxing incident, Nungesser located his uncle who had set himself up as a rancher. Young Charles decided to stay, and for several years, he lived the life of a gaucho, becoming expert with lasso and revolver. He had to give up flying, but it was still in the back of his mind as he herded cattle on the pampas.

But something else was stirring which made him forget aviation for the time being. The year was 1914, and France was busy mobilizing to meet the German military threat. Charles, now 22 years old, returned to France in time to join the Second Regiment of Hussars, a cavalry unit.

Although Nungesser had sampled the air and despite the fact that France and Germany both had air squadrons, he chose the cavalry since the era of fighting planes was still on the horizons. Young Nungesser felt that the cavalry was the place for a man of action.

During the first few weeks of the war, Nungesser's choice of service proved to be the right one—for him at least. Before it was a month old, he had won a citation for a daring action in which he captured some important military plans.

As a reward for his exploit, Nungesser was given ownership of the German car he captured along with the plans, and he was made a rear-lines driver. "I don't like chauffeuring every officer around when other Frenchmen are fighting," he wrote in requesting a transfer to the air division. Things, he said, were happening in the air, and he wanted to get into it.

By March 1, 1915, he was on (Continued on Page 54)

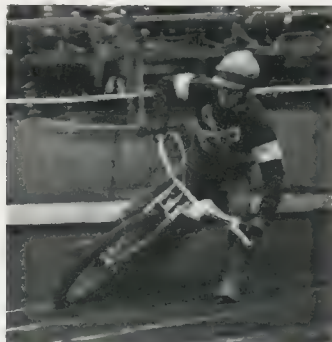


SMILING, Nungesser, bride, Consuelo Hatmaker, leave church after wedding. Pair divorced year later.



STANDING by wrecked plane, Nungesser, co-star actress Jacqueline Logan pose on set of movie, *Sky Raider*.

GAMES FOR BIG BOYS



DRAGGING boot (above), Swedish bike ace barely keeps upright while following tight oval of track. Mud-splattered at end of heat (below), rider waits another race.



MOTOR BIKE RACING is always a bit hellish. But in Sweden, young daredevils *literally* dare the devil in a style of track plowing that makes other cycle derbies look like kiddy tricycle parades.

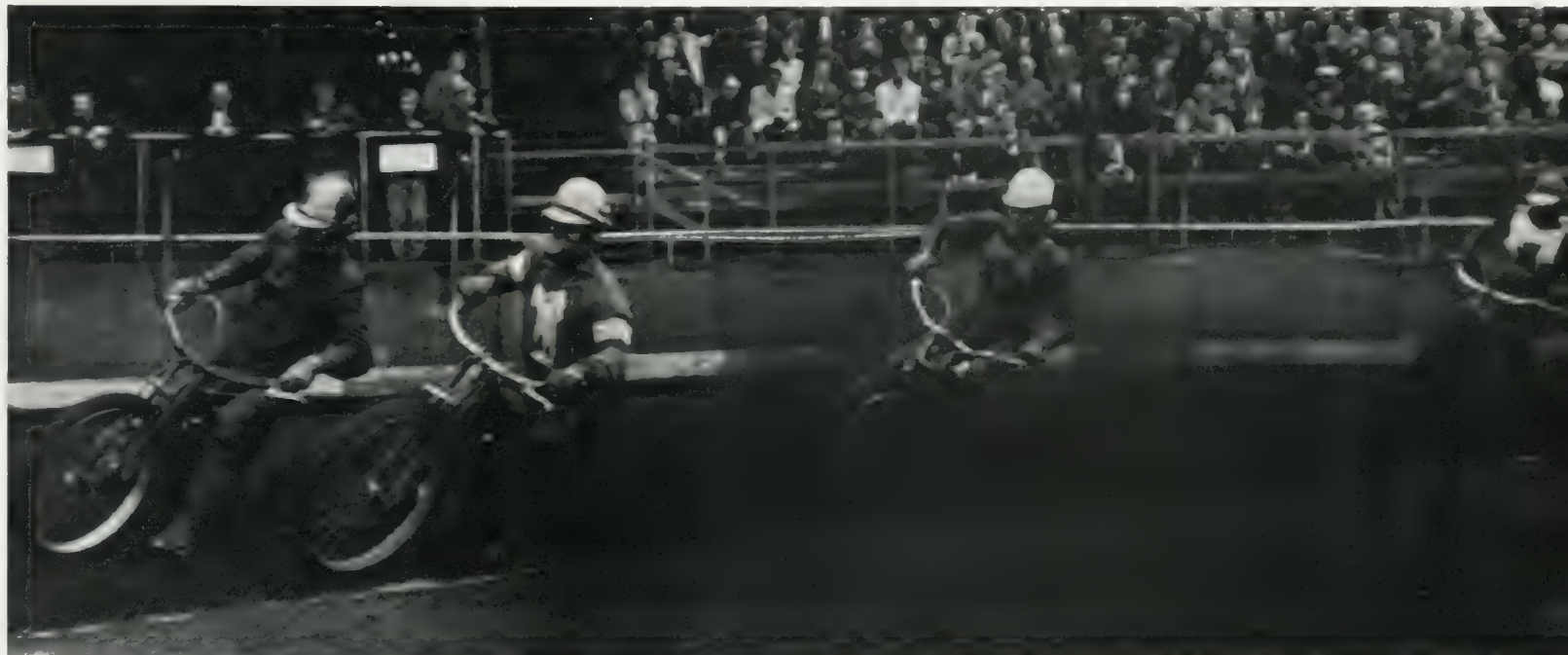
Sweden is known for a suicide rate that seems to rival skiing as a national pastime. Maybe that explains why their particular form of bike racing has become so popular. It is, without doubt, a game for big boys—so grinding and grueling that the country's best bike jockeys, Harold Rygren, is considered an old-timer at 33.

It takes the stamina and devil-be-damned attitude of youth to keep up with the sizzling pace set by riders who average 24 years in age—and are lucky if they get much further than the average in their life span.

Speed alone is not the greatest hazard, although the usual 50-mph average is rugged. Rather, it is the shape of the track which makes lion wrestling, by comparison, look like a mere warm-up exercise for this handlebar wrestling. Except for a few feet at the starting line, the entire track is circular. It is only 400 yards long

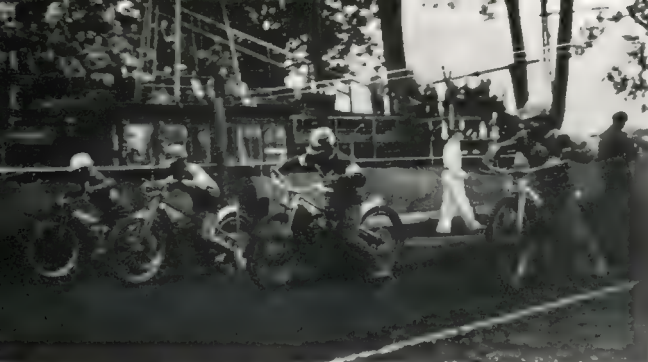


CLIPPING over circular course at 50 mph, racers run dangerously tight formation. If one bike skids into dirt, others on eight-yard-wide track have no room to avoid heap.



HELL ON TWO WHEELS

By Marv Kemp



GUNNING away from starting line (above), daredevil Swedes begin hazardous laps. Worst danger is constant turns on track only 400 yards long.



WAITING for start of race (above), young jockey covers tension with casual stance. Average age of bike racing contestants is 24 years.



PULLING stretcher from ambulance (above), officers prepare for impending emergency. Receiving awards (below), top three riders get cash, others flowers.



and eight yards wide. And all gut-choking dirt.

From the crack of the starting gun to the wave of the finish flag, Swedish bike pounding is a blur of physical and mental torture, a compound of whip-snap speed and constant skidding. While an ambulance idles nearby, quietly blinking its red lights, the machines buzz and roar in a flurry of spitting dirt. The riders are continually dragging their boots to keep upright in a turn that never straightens out. When three or four mud-slapped jockeys run abreast on a narrow track, it is only expert skill and a load of luck that prevents them from catapulting off the circle in a tangent that leads directly to the happy hunting grounds.

To maintain amateur standing (and to qualify for world meets), only the first three places are awarded cash prizes. The remaining riders get flowers for their life-risking efforts. Sometimes, the flowers go on graves.

Since the sport first came to Sweden in 1930, its popularity has grown to where over 35 cities have tracks; the racing season runs from April to October, every night.

You could watch more bone-chilling spectacles than motor bike racing (such as a re-staging of World War II with the original cast), but few such events would be on your everyday agenda, as they are in Sweden where machine-mounted gladiators give no second thought to risking years of living and breathing on two spinning wheels of fortune—or misfortune—for the hell of it!

B



modern art for men

THE OLD CLICHE that "clothes make the man" would certainly seem to apply in greater measure to women. Queen Elizabeth looks every inch a monarch when arrayed in her royal robes, but even her most devoted subjects are a bit dismayed by her resemblance to a suburban housewife when she appears in street clothes. A Moslem woman's veil lends an air of mystery and Oriental exoticism to what may very well be a much duller person than Mrs. Whosis next-door. And a pair of leotards and a tight fitting sweater can make a beatnik of a sweet young thing straight out of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*.

The point seems to be that clothes do more than conceal, they also deceive. Everyone tries to make things seem to be what they are not, and there comes a time when one is satiated with the chic deceptions of the fashion makers and the like. It is then that a stroll through MM's gallery provides a needed rest, a return to true, pristine beauty. For here is a world of women as Nature made them, not as their clothes do.

ANTHONY DIMARCO positions curvaceous model Ann Peters in dancer's pose against austere background to produce highly stylized study. Model's distant expression helps in creating feeling of almost surrealist atmosphere.



BEAU

RON VOGEL adroitly sets off rich blonde beauty of model Kathy Sharpe with neutral background, makes skillful use of time honored pose to concentrate attention on her vigorous, youthful allure. Gold pillow is employed as fitting complement for model's opulent, sensual form, adds final touch to production of truly compelling study.





ANTHONY DiMARCO, in second composition this month, makes imaginative use of flash to eliminate background, concentrate attention on elegance, refinement of Elaine Summers' beauty. Gossamer wrap, reflective pose enhance note of alluring grace, effect serenity of mood.

<

 EVA GRANT combines gypsy earrings, swirling flamenco skirt with outdoor setting to lend air of exotic abandon to sultry beauty of model. Natural lighting serves to bring out rich, creamy tones of model's complexion, emphasizing flowing, sensuous lines of her luxurious form.

Modern Art for Men

DARIO RESTA...



THE RACER WHO DIED TWICE

LINED-UP for 1916 Indianapolis classic in Peugeot, Resta looked glum, but won easily. Insert shows Resta in his standard racing togs.

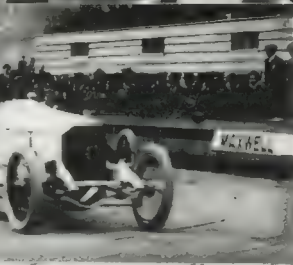
By J. L. Beardsley

Italy's daredevil became American champ, was insulted by fans, returned to Europe to die in crash.

THE LIST of the world's great competition drivers who crashed to a fiery death while racing their steeds of steel and rubber is long. Among them are such racing immortals as Ascari, Hawthorne, Horn, Mays, Murphy, Musso, dePortage, Rosenmeyer, Sweikert, and Vukovich.

But it was the fate of Dario Resta, perhaps the greatest of them all, that he should die twice—first a spiritual death at the hands of a cruel and callous crowd, and then a torturous physical death in the twisted smoking rubble of his racer which hurtled over the bank at Britain's Brooklands Speedway.

Eight years separated the two tragedies, and they were years filled with pain and failure for the disheartened demon of the oval. For racers and racing had been Resta's whole life—and that life was immedicably shattered when



BLASTING-OFF in 1915 Vanderbilt race (above), Resta (9) trailed De Palma (22) but won race. In first U.S. try, Resta was far back in line-up (above right), far in front at flag.

he was rejected by the huge crowd which had supposedly gathered to honor him as National Champion of the United States at Los Angeles in November, 1916.

Perhaps both his dark destiny and his unparalleled driving skill were foreshadowed in the very first race of his career. It was soon after he left school that the Italian-born, British-bred Resta became an engineer for the Panhard automobile factory.

Although he did design autos and had taken up motorcycle racing as a hobby, he had no auto racing experience when, in 1907, he was asked to drive for F. R. Fry in the \$10,000 Montague Cup Race at Brooklands. Resta piloted Fry's powerful Mercedes like a pro and easily outclassed the field to win. But that dark destiny interceded and he was disqualified on a technicality and the race was awarded to another.

Undaunted by this initial setback, Resta continued to race and brought several Mercedes to victory on the Brooklands track in the next three years. In 1912, he signed with the Sunbeam factory racing team and won three straight events for them—in one race, setting a 12-hour record of 90 mph in a 30 hp Sunbeam.

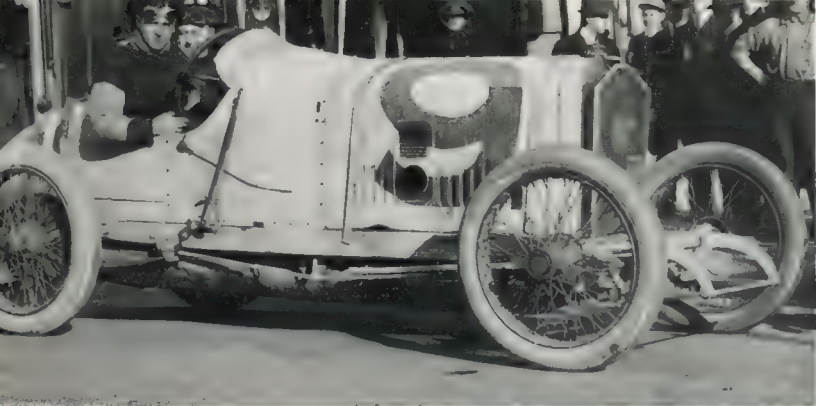
When World War I broke out and racing came to a screeching halt in Europe, Resta inked a lucrative con-

tract with the Peugeot Auto Import Company in New York to drive their speedy racing cars in the United States.

It was a wonderful break for the rising young driver for the Peugeots of 1914 had almost never been beaten in Europe and were considered to be 10 years ahead of all competition in design. At the time, it was dubbed "The Fastest Car in Europe," but after Resta brought his here



ROARING to 1915 Vanderbilt race victory, Resta passes Simplex "Zip."



SHUNNED by fans (above), Resta poses with Peugeot which smashed American records, took two Vanderbilt Cups.

HEADING for winner's circle, Resta (right), has just won 1915 American Grand Prize Race in treacherous rain.



and burned up the American boards with it, it was soon acclaimed as the fastest in the world.

Ernest Henri, one of automotive engineering's greatest minds, perfected the 16 valve, four cylinder Peugeot racing motor in 1912. It had overhead cams, counterbalanced crankshaft, and light steel pistons in cylinders of $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ inch bore and stroke, all parts precision machined to fine tolerances. The largest (448 cu.in.) Peugeot motors would drive a car 115 miles an hour.

Jules Goux brought one over from France and won the 1913 Indianapolis 500 Classic with little trouble. In one afternoon he shattered the traditional brute-power theory of American race car designers, and the chain drive era was as dead as the Dodo bird.

Goux had clearly demonstrated what a light, fast-turning, precision-built motor could do. And Resta, born with that rare combination of skill and daring that makes a great driver, was just the man to get the most out of this steel thoroughbred.

Resta first raced in the U.S. in the 1915 American Grand Prize Race which was run as a feature of the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.

The course was a dangerous combination of dirt, macadam and plank surfaces, and fatally hazardous when wet. Richard Kennerdall, AAA Contest Board Chairman, set February 27, 1915, for the running of the race, and even though it rained that day he ordered the race held.

Twenty-nine cars started and went fishtailing around the rain-soaked course; wheels spun madly when they hit the plank sections and muddy spray flew 20 feet in the air. Such star drivers as Earl Cooper, Eddie Rickenbacker, Oldfield, De Palma, Bob Burman, Bragg Hearne and Eddie Pullen pulled out refusing to risk their expensive cars or their necks on a suicide track.

Resta had run many a wet track in Europe and intrepidly forced his blue Peugeot out in front on the first lap. He held the lead for every one of the 400 slippery miles (except ten, when he was in the pits) and took the checker flag first. He turned in a 56.12 mph average—fantastic considering the driving rain and treacherous track.

Auto racing's richest prize, the famed Vanderbilt Cup Race, was the next target on which Resta set his sights. Perfect weather dawned on March 6, 1915, to make this a true test between the top men and machines of two continents.

Tom Alley got his Stutz in front early in the race and it took Resta and Eddie Pullen (in a Mercer) 60 miles of hard driving to catch him. Then Resta and Pullen duelled wheel-to-wheel for 12 roaring laps before Resta moved out in front.

De Palma and his Mercedes had worked up through traffic and now challenged Resta for the lead. But the blue Peugeot throbbed on with just enough throttle to keep it out in front of De Palma's cream-colored comet.

This was the kind of race speed fans dream about. Lap after torrid lap whipped them into a frenzy. And as Resta thundered down the stretch to take the flag, the fans poured out on the track to cheer his masterful performance.

Resta was now set to zero-in on the world's most important auto race, the Indianapolis 500 mile Sweepstakes, and one of the most sensational afternoons the big track ever saw was in the making.

Still smarting from his Vanderbilt trimming, De Palma was out for revenge. National Champion Ralph Mulford would attempt a repeat in a Duesenberg. The Stutz team of Earl Cooper, Howdy Wilcox, Gil Anderson were picked as the most formidable American entries. Eddie Rickenbacker's Maxwell was a strong contender. There would also be certain competition from Bugattis and Sunbeams

from across the pond. But they all knew they would have to beat Resta and his rubber-tired rocket.

The Stutz team showed early they were playing for keeps when Wilcox grabbed the lead from Resta on the second lap, then relinquished it to teammate Anderson who held it for a blistering 70 miles.

Resta forged into first again at 82 miles, but De Palma had worked past the Stutz entries and relentlessly closed in on Resta's fast-stepping Peugeot at the 100 mile marker. Then began one of the most desperate and daredevil personal duels in Indianapolis history.

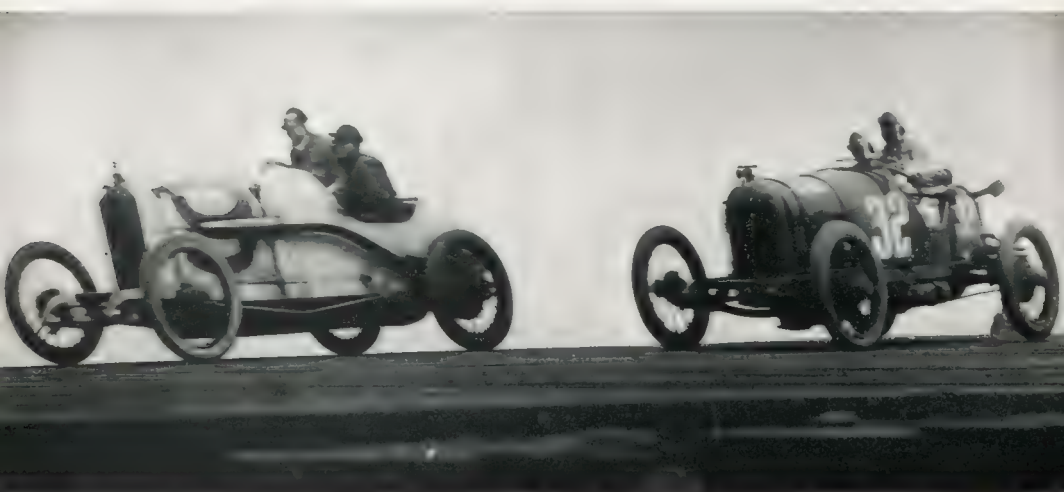
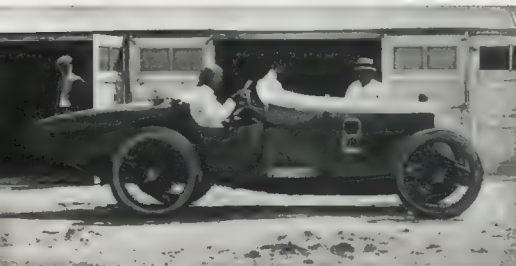
Resta's car had more stretch speed than De Palma's Mercedes, but a tendency to drift on the turns caused De Palma to make up ground. The two aces put on a hair-raising duel for nearly 300 miles; they lapped at over 90 miles an hour, had less than a minute between them at any point and only six seconds at 400 miles, and drove the crowd crazy.

Each made two short pit stops for fuel and tires. It was an oversight on the last of these which may well have cost Resta the race. He had blown a rear tire coming into the stretch and had to correct a bad slide which had damaged his steering. Only when he was back on the track did he notice that there was four inches play in his front wheels. He fought gamely, but the handicap was too much for him. He lost seconds every lap as De Palma, now leading, thundered toward the flag.

Then, two laps from the finish, the drone of De Palma's Mercedes burst into a clattering crescendo, and a broken rod started to beat holes in the crankcase.

With oil pressure gone and the life-blood of his gallant motor pouring out on the track, De Palma summoned all his resourcefulness to keep his car moving before the engine hammered itself to pieces. In a shower of metal slivers he somehow managed to nurse (Continued on Page 56)

RESTA (below) leaves Maywood Speedway garage heading out to track for 1916 race in his Peugeot racer.



DUELLING for gold, glory, 1915 Vanderbilt Cup, Resta (9), Billy Carlson (32) stand on throttle at Frisco.



BOBBING in bikinis (opposite page), gals buoy up party until Sherry Kummer starts shambles with strip on diving board (above, below).

"EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL!"

Staging Hollywood party on silver screen, World of Flesh exposes vast wasteland, provides close-ups of bare-n-bash.

By Larry Yale.

WE HAVE TO CONFESS. We have a perverse predilection for outrageous things—as long as they are sexy. We belong to the cult who hailed *The Carpetbaggers* as a great novel. We think that Carroll Baker's peek-a-boo gowns are the height of fashion, and that *Peyton Place* has changed TV's wasteland into a veritable oasis. Hence, our qualification as movie critics could be questioned. Nonetheless, we are willing to state, without reservation but with fear of contradiction, that the pool party scene in the movie, *The World of Flesh*, is one of the great achievements of Hollywood—rivalled only by the chariot race in *Ben Hur* or the invasion scene of *The Longest Day*.

Like Cecil B. De Mille, United Theatrical Amusements, the producers of *The World of Flesh*, know one sure-fire form-ula for boxoffice success: get the shapely starlet into hot water. Obviously, the boys at United agree



that cheesecake is for dunking, and they are the last ones to throw cold water on such a good idea. In fact, they go De Mille one better by substituting an Olympic-sized pool for the tub. You can get more gals into the scene that way.

Actually, the episode is the climax to the picture and has some of the hottest footage to come out of Hollywood since they recreated the Chicago fire. It revolves around a typically wild Hollywood party—the kind you always hear about but never get invited to. As the scene opens, the well-dressed party-goers are enjoying a few brews by the

poolside when a well-known movie producer strolls onto the set. The next thing you see are the girls donning bikinis to give him a better view of their talents. Each bikini is briefer than the last, and soon they become topless, bottomless, and less-less.

Jeer at us if you will, but within the context of our admitted sense of the sexy, we call this scene superb entertainment. A word of advice, however. See it now. In years to come, it could become a film classic—

and shown only at stag affairs.

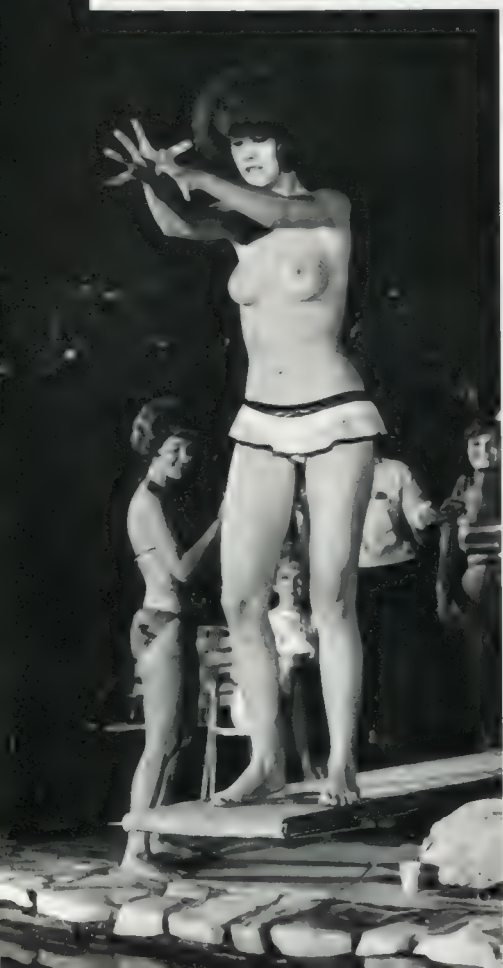
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BREAKING into impromptu twist, Sherry adds effervescence to pool party, ends her stunt undressed in topless bikini.





TWISTING by poolside (above left, above), starlet brings attri-beauts into play, contributes to spicy sequence featuring bevy of bounteous belles (below).





June Palmer



Exhibiting expressiveness — as well as tantalizing 38-23-37 figure — that makes her one of Britain's most popular models, June Palmer creates poses designed to attract notice.



TO REGULAR readers of men's publications, London's luscious June Palmer is hardly a new face and figure, having already graced many pages of magazines. But, as she eagerly embarks into the year of 1966, June has hopes of spreading her fame to become the new symbol of sex appeal among that yet unenlightened segment of the population which constitutes the world-at-large.

To lend even more assurance to what is already a sure thing, June plans to conduct part of her campaign outside the field of figure modeling — where her strength is unquestioned. An accomplished dancer and graduate of London's famous Windmill Theatre — which had Britain's most complete stock of beautiful, naked showgirls — June has plenty of credentials to go with her curves. And her curves are not unnoticed, either. Her lustrous 38-23-37 proportions have been astounding British lensmen, lately, as regularly as old



Big Ben strikes the hour.

Armed, as it were, with devastating legs and tarso, June is about to venture into the new year in search of new horizons. Stage musicals in London are her first target, to be followed by a tour of continental clubs, then television, and finally — perhaps — motion pictures. Considering, however, that her pictures do not need motion to set the world afire, it will be no great tragedy if she decides to ignore the movies. She has always been somewhat suspicious of the way the flicks trap girls in a rat race of a life filled with broken promises, broken hearts, and broken marriages. Such an existence, she says, is not her "cup of tea." The more sedate life of the theatre, and even that of modeling, makes up for smaller pay-checks with smaller headaches.

Currently, June lives in London with her pet Budgerigar (whatever that is) and spends her daytime hours posing for glamour cameras. At night, she enjoys what she calls her "Three M Game." It has to do with Men, Money, and Music. And on week ends, she drives in the country in her sleek white Triumph. Trouble is, her bad driving and good looks are a calamity in traffic, so the Bobbies have put up warning signs along her route — "Dangerous Curves Ahead."

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Possessing exotic beauty, white Triumph, brunette Briton causes sensation during week end drives in country. She hopes to do likewise in show business.

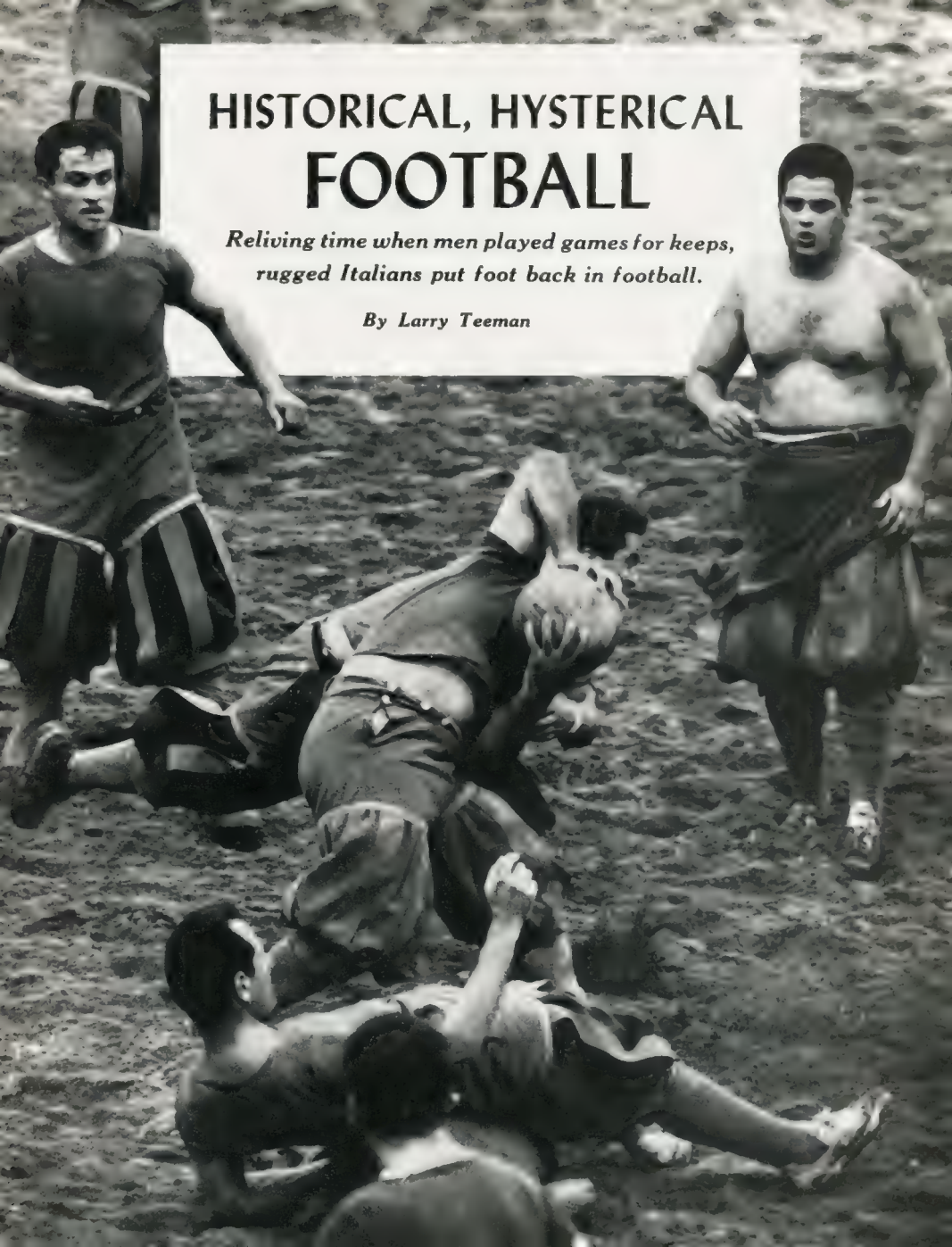




HISTORICAL, HYSTERICAL FOOTBALL

*Reliving time when men played games for keeps,
rugged Italians put foot back in football.*

By Larry Teeman



EVERY SUNDAY, from September through December, millions of Americans sit enraptured in front of their TV sets or in stadiums across the land, watching a modern-day spectacle not unlike the bloodthirsty entertainment which lured some 40,000 howling Romans to the Colosseum when Nero was a boy. The game is professional football, a bone-crushing pastime that even the Romans would have enjoyed. Pro football, or so say its gray-flanneled hucksters, is the roughest, toughest, wildest, hardest-fought game of all times. That is just a slight journalistic exaggeration. This may be true by 20th Century standards, but back in 1491 they played a brand of football in Florence, Italy, that makes the modern-day version seem like a tea party for Little Lord Fauntleroy. Picture, if you can, pro football with 27 men on a side. Then, eliminate scrimmage



STAGING gala show commemorating 15th Century game, players wear fancy garb, attract many tourists.



RESEMBLING historic days of Columbus, colorful pageant (left) precedes Florentine Football Game on sand filled square in front of majestic Signoria Palace. Rugged game reaches fury pitch when ball is fumbled (below), followed by body-bruising attempt to regain ball. Wild scramble results in injury of player (right) who is immediately carried off field.

lines, penalties, and rules against kicking or punching the ball (or opposing players); do not impose any restrictions on blocking, tackling, or tripping; no helmets, face guards or padded uniforms should be allowed; and above all, no time-outs except to carry the lame and crippled off the field. Put them all together and they spell Florentine football as played by the musclemen of Florence, Italy, one year before another *paisano* named Chris discovered America.

To show that their ancestors were not the only guys with guts, each year a bunch of the boys get together for a picturesque revival of Florentine football to commemorate the birth of this 15th Century game. Amid appropriate pageantry—and accompanying head-cracking—the annual event is held on the sand-filled piazza in front of the majestic Signoria Palace





USING straight-arm to opponent's eye, player employs effective method to defend ball, in manner popular during Florentine game. Rules, penalties were set years ago, but rugged action prevails.



LITTERED gridiron bears witness that anything goes in crude game where guts count. Rough 'n tumble tactics used by teams are permitted by regulation, making American pro football seem like child's game. Time out is called only to remove injured players from bloody playing field.



RIDING tall in saddle atop white stallion, Marquis Emilio Pucci, world-recognized Florence fashion designer, wears authentic Renaissance Italian costume while leading procession through city before opening of football game.

in Florence. The game, such as it is, is played exactly as it was back in the days when Columbus was trying to convince everyone that the world was round, man, not square.

History records that it was a pretty rugged game back in those days and only the noblemen were allowed to play. It did prove one thing, however, that bluebloods had red blood just like the peasants and it flowed freely on the sands of the piazza. Rules and penalties for unsportsmanlike conduct did not come until much later and even nowadays that are kept to a minimum. Choking, or twisting opponent's arms and legs are still permissible providing the breaks are clean. Tripping is also allowed as long as the player does not step on his opponent's head when he is down and cannot kick back.

From 1930 onward, when it was originally revived within the ancient walls of Florence, the Game (Florentines always refer to the event with a capital G) has become a highlight of Italy's tourist season. Many are the American visitors who return to the States convinced that the rah-rah variety of football as played by today's stalwarts is only one step above a hot game of tiddly-winks.

A combination of rugby, soccer, and football, with mayhem thrown in, the Game is preceded today just as it was back in the 15th Century with a pageant cortege that starts from the Convent of Santa Maria Novella to the blowing of trumpets and the beating of drums. Everyone is in the flashy costumes of the Renaissance period—including the football players.

When all is said and done, the Game is still the thing and it is not how you play it that counts, but whether you win or lose. Which all goes to prove that the Italians will do anything for kicks—even when they are aimed at their heads. Anyone for tennis?

Jane Dolinger visits

IN THE UNITED STATES, the strip tease continues to bump 'n grind along in a few dismal cabarets where a handful of aging strippers perform bravely in the murk of a blue spotlight before an audience of sailors and oldsters still faithful to an art that is all but dead. Yet, while the strip is being relegated in U.S. history alongside bustles, the Model T, and the outdoor privy, it is enjoying rebirth of popularity in Jolly Old England. Most of the credit for this revival goes to dynamic Paul Raymond, a dapper young chap who has worked his way up from drummer boy to England's top nightclub impresario.

Raymond owns three of the most popular after-hours meccas in London—the Celebrite and Raymond Revuebar, which feature internationally famous strippers all of whom end their acts in nothing more than their perfume and a dazzling smile; and the Bar Tabarin, where scantily-clad “bunnies” vie with the strippers for the undivided attention of the audience.

To most men, Raymond lives the life they can only

BRITAIN'S KING of STRIP



Calling on impresario of nudes, curvy reporter finds bare facts, figures that led to fortune.

dream about. He spends his days and nights surrounded by dozens of very beautiful—and very undressed—girls. And although he lives in a masculine Fantasyland, his vocation has brought him a handsome income. But money is not everything—or so Raymond says. He sincerely believes that it is his mission in life to display beautiful female forms to audiences of tired businessmen—and who is to argue with such noble sentiments.

In any case, the businessmen of London applaud Raymond's altruism as evidenced by the flock of royal young blades, dignified barristers, doctors, scientists, and the swank social set who trek nightly to his exclusive clubs where gorgeous, carefully-chosen *femme fatales* bare all for their art.

It all began when Raymond was earning a precarious living as a drummer playing with second-rate bands in third-rate music halls throughout England. One day, the manager of the Granville Theatre in Wales offered Paul a six-week contract to supply acts for his shows. Raymond immediately struck on the revolutionary idea of a nude chorus line and before you could say Sally Rand, the show was a sellout.

Soon, Raymond broadened his scope and took his chorus girls on tour of England. Next, came a tour of Europe where his undraped dolls were a box office smash. With no more worlds to conquer on the Continent, Raymond turned his eyes toward London's exclusive West End and within the past four years established three top night spots in this area.

Unlike American cabarets, all of Raymond's clubs require membership similar to the key clubs in the States. By the laws of the realm, all pubs are supposed to be closed by 11 p.m. But long after the last mild-and-bitter is served, champagne still is dispensed in Raymond's spas. The "membership" contingency is a weak subterfuge at best, since "courtesy cards" can easily and quickly be acquired.

In addition to his intimate revues, all of Raymond's clubs have gambling rooms which feature chemin de fer and roulette, but here the gamblers get a break—the house does not act as the "banker". Every 20 minutes, however, the players pay one pound (\$2.80) to the house for the privilege of playing. Roulette, also, has a special twist—there are no double zeros as found in Monte Carlo and Las



STANDING in front theatre, Paul Raymond (above right) points out other places of interest in London's famed West End.



FILLING scant costumes with visual appeal (above), Raymond chorus girls back up array of stars including Swedish dancer Anna Sandor (right), Sabra Samar (below right).



DRESSING backstage, girls take time to look alluring on stage.



CLIMAXING act, dancers display crowd-drawing talent.



Vegas. The elimination of the double zeros automatically increases the odds in favor of the players.

But the main attraction of any Raymond establishment is glamour, girls, gams, girls, and more girls. While maintaining a striking English-type dancing line, Maestro Raymond goes far afield for his feature acts, combing the European capitals as well as the United States for the most luscious ladies in the business. And the gals are indeed treated like ladies—there are not ribald shouts of "take it

off" since an English audience would hardly act so vociferous. It is not really necessary, nonetheless, because every act strips down to the bare essentials.

Strangely enough, under British law, complete nudity is tolerated as long as there is no so-called obscenity in the acts. Unlike the French chorines, who must remain stationary while in a nude state, the Raymond nudes are allowed to move about the stage.

Just how exotic are the Paul (Continued on Page 57)

parade car for a madman

(Continued from Page 6)

Germany's premier motoring journal of the period, recorded that Grossers were available every year up until 1938. That year at the Berlin Auto Show, only a chassis was shown when Hitler personally opened the spectacle. However, this chassis was impressive enough to match the occasion. It was a new and larger Grosser from the ground up, and it glittered with fine enameling and highly polished, engine-turned metal surfaces. Daimler-Benz had completely redesigned the car, scrapping the older, more conventional frame and suspension. Hitler was promised the first of these new "Super" Mercedes, as the British motoring press called them. The war drums were beginning to roll, and here was an apt chariot for a modern Alexander.

However, Hitler—with a high regard for personal safety—did not let the factory build his cars solely at the discretion of top engineers. Rather—like a home owner who makes a nuisance at the construction site by "super-vising" the work—Hitler visited the Mercedes plant to discuss the details of the car's protective equipment. He supervised the location of the pistol compartments, talked with engineers about the getaway speed, thickness of the glass, and even insisted that he himself fire bullets at the armor.

Since Mercedes provided chassis for custom coach builders, the Nazi party officials were provided with a variety of attractive body styles for the Reich Chancellery stables. Four standard Sindelfingen bodies were shown in the 1937 catalog. The most popular type—and the one used by Hitler—was a six to eight passenger Pullman Limousine. There was also an "F" Cabriolet, or Convertible Town Car, and a five-passenger "D" Cabriolet, or Convertible Sedan. The latter, which was probably the sharpest design, was driven by Hermann Goering, and it became quite a familiar sight at Luftwaffe bases prior to the opening of hostilities.

Hitler's personal Grosser was used mostly on state occasions, especially as a parade car in which he could ride around the Nuremberg square in style. However, *der Fuhrer* had been known—from time to time—to take the wheel from his chauffeur, Erich Kempka, and drive himself to his mountaintop retreat in Berchtesgaden. It seems Adolph got exhilarating kicks from the sense of power he achieved by lead-footing this gas-eating behemoth. On such occasions, he reportedly gave propaganda chief Joseph Goebbels the shakes by throttling up and over 100 mph. As a result, Goebbels would often go out of his way to avoid riding with his *Fuhrer*—a fright which can be all the more appreciated when you remember that Goebbels was so devoted to Hitler that he murdered his six children and committed suicide with his wife in order to die by Hitler's side in 1945.

But Hermann Goering, who also drove often with Hitler, apparently shared the fascination for the powerful auto. He encouraged Hitler to drive fast and use the supercharger to take maximum advantage of the car's speed. However, quite the opposite of Goebbels, Goering refused to die with *der Fuhrer* and, in the end, deserted him.

With the supercharger, the Grosser's push-rod actuated overhead valve straight eight

engine develops 230 brake horsepower by German reckoning, or over 300 bhp using the British system. In typical Mercedes fashion, the supercharger is on demand, brought into play by depressing the foot feed all the way down, whereupon the blower is engaged by a multiple disc steel clutch with spiral bevel gears, and running in an oil bath. It is easy to imagine how much assistance the supercharger provides in getting one of these five-ton monsters into the highest cog.

Besides the supercharger, the Grosser 770 (or 7.7 liter displacement) has several other features useful in pushing around its great bulk. The transmission has five speeds for-



REVIEWING troops, Adolph stands in his Grosser. Plump Goering stands second from right, along with other top Nazi brass.

ward with overdrive, and synchromesh on the second to fifth gears. The ignition is a dual system with two spark plugs per cylinder. An auxiliary ignition timing control is located at the center of the steering wheel.

The carburetor is dual with a thermostatically heat controlled twin intake manifold. Twin chrome-plated flexible exhaust pipes lead out directly from the hood.

In addition to the special equipment designed to get the Grossers moving, Mercedes also designed special brakes to stop it. The four-wheel hydraulic service brakes have two positively anchored internal expanding shoes in ribbed drums. The brake pedal actuates two independent master cylinders, one for the front and the other for the rear brakes. An automatic vacuum power booster minimizes the foot pressure required to roll the car to a stop.

The suspension is unusually interesting, being the only instance where Mercedes has used the De Dion type rear end on a pas-

senger car. This system is properly termed semi-independent suspension, for the rear wheels are located at the ends of a non-driving rear axle (De Dion tube), while the differential is mounted to the frame. Pivoted half-axes then drive the rear wheels through universal joints. Coil springs on each wheel—plus dual action hydraulic shock absorbers—thus provided Adolph with a cushiony ride as he sped over roads in the Bavarian Alps.

To further insure Hitler's comfort, every possible convenience was built into the car. The right front seat has folding left and right arm rests for *der Fuhrer*, and the seat itself folds up to allow standing for parade reviewing. On the inside of the right front door, the built-in pistol case is padded to the contours of a Luger. All six side windows and the windshield roll up and down with heavy-duty mechanisms, and a leather-covered armor plate shield can be cranked up behind the back seat to provide almost all-around protection. But the convertible top is ordinary canvas, lined with mohair, that would not stop a beanshooter pellet.

The dashboard, with over 40 instruments, switches, dials, and levers, includes full accessories: tachometer, heater, defroster, radio, and pop-out turn signals which are illuminated with red lights. Under the hood there is a convenience light for the mechanic and a tool box consisting of a set of felt-padded drawers which contain an assortment of nearly 100 items for emergency road repairs. A heavy-duty jack fits into four special mounting pads on both sides of the chassis.

This whole five-ton rig, including 2000 pounds of armor plate and over 56 gallons of gasoline, rides on 8.25-17 tires and gets about eight miles per gallon. In the pomp and circumstance of Nazi propaganda shindigs, the Grossers served well the purpose of contributing to the Grand Illusion. They played such an important role in Hitler's crowd swaying pageants that one young German, now working in this country, recalls that his earliest remembrances of Nazi doings center about these cars.

But then the war ended.

Hitler, deathly afraid of having his body strung by his feet like Mussolini's and torn to shreds by the angry masses, committed suicide in his Reich Chancellery underground bunker. In an atmosphere of tension, with the sound of bombs and gunfire penetrating even through the 20 feet or so of concrete, and with the air conditioning system spuming dust into the already choking bunker air, Hitler swallowed a lipstick-size container of cyanide potassium poison. And then he made sure of his death by firing a pistol into his mouth before the poison took hold. The blast concussion ruptured the veins on either side of his forehead and splattered his blood all over the carpet. By his own orders, his body was then cremated—along with that of his mistress Eva Braun, who also committed suicide—under the direction of Otto Gruensche, Hitler's SS Adjutant.

But what of the Grossers, those powerful props to Nazi propaganda?

At the time of Hitler's death, all Grossers in the Reich Chancellery garage had been destroyed by Allied bombing raids. A few more began to turn up in the hands of GIs and Tommies here and there in defeated Germany. One war correspondent, Bob Considine of the New York Journal American,

reported that he took a ride in one when the U.S. Army captured Hitler's hideaway in Berchtesgaden. With several high-ranking officials, he began riding up the steep and winding road to the peak of a 6000-foot mountain from which Hitler had a view of six countries. Half way up the hill, the Grosser became overheated and "blew the top off its kettle. The steam and water rushed back into the car and struck the most likely target there—my nose—slightly parboiling it. This was Hitler's last blow of World War II.

"The Mercedes-Benz, its 250 horses lying on their backs with their feet up in the air, just sagged there—braced against a curb. GIs passing it, in jeeps, gave it the bird."

Considine said he figured that was the last he would see of a Hitlerian Mercedes-Benz, and he was almost right since very few others have been found. However, Considine was among the thousands of Americans who saw the Grosser which, as previously mentioned, was purchased by Christopher Janus.

This particular Grosser was given by Hitler as a birthday present to Field Marshall Mannerheim of Finland—as a good will gesture when Adolph wanted the Finn's support against the Russians. However, since the people of Finland did not exactly appreciate the gift, Mannerheim seldom used it, and when Finland was invaded by Russia, he had it shipped to Sweden for safekeeping. There it fell into the hands of the government until Janus shipped ball-bearings to a Swedish firm which could not pay for them with cash. The Grosser became the exchange in a barter deal.

When the Grosser arrived in New York, Janus could not figure out how to start it until Mercedes-Benz agents located a secret master switch behind the instrument panel. After that, Janus exhibited the car at the New York Museum of Science and Industry, several state fairs, and loaned it to the Air Force to use in a recruiting program. Several people have offered to buy the car from him including a Chicago hoodlum who said price was no object. Janus could easily have made a profit by selling, but he preferred to exhibit it and turn the proceeds over to charitable organizations.

One other Grosser, claimed to have been the one owned by Hermann Goering, has been located by us in Canada. From time to time, a few others appear on the classic car market—for a steep price.

But Janus expresses a warning to any collectors who hope to own a Grosser. He claims that after purchasing his, he received hundreds of letters and phone calls from people who take interest in the car for very odd reasons. "It's brought me several proposals of marriage, and a psychoanalyst wanted to analyze me. Another psychoanalyst wanted to analyze the car. Claimed he could reconstruct Hitler's character by doing so. Several people have sent gifts, including one which mystified me the most—a dozen girdles."

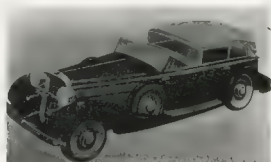
And most unnerving of all has been the hundreds of people who warned Janus that Hitler's ghost rides beside him in the car. For anyone who is easily frightened by the Lon Chaney-type madmen in the Late Show horror movies, driving a car once owned by the most infamous madman of them all can be a weird experience at night—even with all 13 lights on.

B

BUILT IN LIMITED NUMBERS, GROSSER MERCEDES WAS BRUTE AND BEAUTY OF THE AUTOBAHN



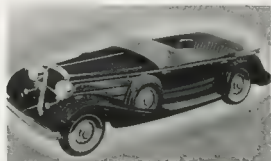
"D" CABRIOLET



PULLMAN LIMOUSINE



"F" SEDAN



"F" CABRIOLET

APPEARING in 1937 catalog, Mercedes-Benz listed four standard models of Grosser. Pullman Limousine (top right) was Hitler's choice for state occasions; buddy Hermann Goering drove "D" Cabriolet (top left).

UNTAINED by their long association with Nazi officialdom, the superbly made Grosser 770s have emerged in the post-war world as one of the finest examples of classic car design and engineering. Built in limited quantities, they were the hallmark of Third Reich brass, the status symbol of the hierarchy of Hitler's infamous inner circle.

Though many of the Grossers were destroyed in the death throes of the Hitler regime, a few fell into the hands of classic car buffs—at fancy prices, of course. Occasionally, one of the Teutonic road runners comes on the market, but unless you have a few dozen very hefty bundles of cash, forget about jockeying your best girl around in a Grosser—it would be far cheaper to buy her a mink for every day of the week.



SALUTING contingent of storm troopers, Hitler uses big Grosser as reviewing stand during pre-war rally in Nuremberg.

charles nungesser: iron ace of france

(Continued from Page 25)



his way for aviation training at Avord, and a month later, he received his *brevet* as a pilot. His first assignment was to Escadrille V-106 up on the northern coast near Dunkerque at St. Pol, scene of some heavy fighting. The squadron, part of the first French air striking force, was equipped with Voisin bombers.

Nungesser decorated his Voisin with a skull and crossbones insignia and loaded it up with artillery shells, the only real "bombs" at the time. Now he was in business. By the middle of April, he was dropping his bombs on occupied Belgium, blowing up munitions dumps and railway stations. A week later, he was put on night flying missions.

Nungesser was accompanied on these flights by his mechanic, Pauchon, who was to become the pilot's friend for life through one daring action. On one night a shell hit Nungesser's plane, ripping away the engine's magneto. But the magneto was still attached to the connecting wire, and it flapped back and forth dangerously close to the spinning propeller. While Nungesser held the plane steady, Pauchon climbed out on the wing, grabbing the magneto wire, and snapping it off. Safely returning to base, Nungesser recommended Pauchon for a citation.

This, of course, was not the kind of war Nungesser wanted. He wanted to meet the enemy in man-to-man combat in the air, and he did not have long to wait. On July 31, 1915, he made his first kill. But even after he was credited with the victory, it was slightly lacking in lustre since it came 12 days after another Frenchman, a frail youth named Georges Guynemer, had scored his first victory.

After completing 53 bombing missions and putting in a few more weeks as a pilot on some huge Italian Caproni bombers being tested by the French at Lyon, Nungesser was promoted to *adjutant* (warrant officer) and got his long-hoped-for chance at chase fighter aviation.

He trained on a tricky Morane-Saulnier "Bullet" monoplane before happily reporting for duty with Squadron N.65 which was flying the new single-seater Nieuport biplane scouts. These sensitive little hornets, as different from the Voisin as a thoroughbred is from a Percheron, had a Lewis machine gun mounted on the top wing which fired straight

ahead over the top of the propeller arc. His personal insignia, Nungesser decided, needed further embellishment. To the skull and crossbones he added a coffin and two lighted candles, all superimposed on a heart-shaped background. Now he would really be recognized in the air.

Two days after his arrival at the squadron airfield at Nancy, Nungesser took his new Nieuport up to try it out and test its Lewis gun. Swinging over toward the front, near Nomeny, he saw two black-crossed planes at 7500 feet. One of them headed for home but the other accepted his challenge. Nungesser got to the rear of the enemy plane and opened fire when he was still more than a hundred yards away. It was too far for effective shooting, he discovered as he emptied drum after drum of ammunition without apparent effect. Now he had used up three drums of 47 cartridges each and only a part of one drum remained. This would take skillful strategy. He decided to "get into the same room" with the German plane.

Maneuvering to within 10 yards of the two-seater, he pulled up under it and fired the last of his ammunition. Nearly all his last 24 rounds struck the plane. A horrifying spectacle then took place. With the pilot dead, the German plane shuddered, dived headlong with throttle wide open, then turned over on its back as it plummeted toward the ground. The observer fell out of his cockpit, but saved himself with a desperate grip on the machine gun mount. Then he too died as the plane caught fire and plunged into the ground.

On January 29, 1916, Nungesser booted a new pursuit plane up on a test flight from an airfield near Paris. The biplane was an experimental type made by the Ponnier works. When Nungesser had the plane a few hundred feet above the field, it failed to respond to the controls and spun in. As it gyrated nose first into the earth and collapsed around him, Nungesser's last sensation was the horrible one of his face being impaled on the control stick.

Doctors had to trepan his skull and insert a gold plate in his palate to close up the wound. But only a week after the accident he was up and hobbling about on crutches.

A week later, when the doctors were not looking, he eased out of the hospital, got into his car, and drove to the airfield at Le Bourget. Here he saw his friend Jacques Mortane, a Parisian journalist who specialized in writing about the war in the air.

"I want to see if I can do a loop," Nungesser told the startled Mortane. Head in bandages, he limped across the field on crutches and was helped into a Nieuport. A mechanic swung the prop. In a few minutes the wounded man was performing complicated acrobatic maneuvers—100 yards above the ground. He landed safely, and to the still unbelieving Mortane said, "Did you see it? It wasn't too bad for my comeback. I feel satisfied now. In 15 days I'll be back with the squadron and in another 15 days I'll have my third victory. If I don't get busy my *camarades* will have strings of medals reaching down to the navel long before I do."

Actually, it took him a little longer than that. But he proved he was no idle braggart.

Only four days after returning to the front he scored on a German observation balloon or "drachen" near Septarges. Using cloud cover to stalk the gas bag, Nungesser dived vertically on it, Lewis gun spitting, as he almost flew into the top of the sausage. The balloon exploded into flames so quickly its crew did not have time to escape in parachutes as customarily happened.

Nungesser shot down an LVG observation ship on April 3 and followed it up the next day with a victory over a big four-place German plane, the first seen at the front.

This was his fifth confirmed victory. He was now an ace, according to the French system—one of only a handful of fliers with this coveted title. In three days the convalescent Nungesser had logged 15 hours of operational flying, fought 12 air battles, and scored three confirmed victories. His plane by now was so shot up that he had to get a new one.

So that he would not have to swivel his head to look for enemy ships behind him, Nungesser installed a rear-view mirror on the edge of his cockpit. He soon found that this was worth his life to him. On a solitary hunting patrol on April 27, 1916, he spotted below him a formation of three single-seater Fokker scouts conveying an equal number of LVG observation ships. Nungesser immediately dived on the covey. Zeroing in on the tail-end Charlie, he opened fire with his Lewis gun, and his first drum of ammunition brought the LVG fluttering down into the Forest of Spincourt.

But it still remained five to one. The enemy ships instantly swung into a circle around him. With his fighter's intuition, Nungesser knew he must not straighten out and attempt to break out of the deadly ring. He concentrated on staying in the midst of the circling enemy, always trying to keep himself between two planes so that one could not fire without endangering another. Now he found how valuable was his rear-view mirror. He made his Nieuport flutter about the sky like an asinine-crazed bat.

Finally, the Germans tired of their futile efforts to shoot him down and went on their way. They had noted the skull and coffin insignia on the Nieuport as it whipped through its haffling gyrations in their midst. The insignia would become very well known to them indeed during the next two years. The memory of it, in fact, would linger into another war.

Nungesser limped home with his rotary engine coughing, most of his controls shot away. Mechanics counted 28 bullet holes in it. The plane had to be sent to the junk heap. But the exhausted Nungesser was happy. Now he could take a few days off and go to Paris.

On his many convivial trips to the bright city he was perfectly at home in Maxim's and similar gay spots where pilots got together to relax from the war. With his natural ebullience, his good looks which had been only slightly damaged by his wounds, and his rising fame as a star pilot, Nungesser was a top favorite with feminine cafe society habitués. One of the girls he became acquainted with was a "swinging" number from Holland. She called herself Mata Hari.

Nungesser also made friends with some of the young Americans who had come to France to fly with the French Air Force. Among them were Bert Hall, Raoul Lufbery,

Norman Prince, Jimmy McConnell, and Bill Thaw. The carefree Americans had been grouped into their own organization, the Lafayette Escadrille. Nungesser liked the uninhibited Americans, and they recognized a kindred spirit in him at once. He was, after all, a little bit mad, just as they were.

On one visit to Paris early in May, 1916, Nungesser joined Bert Hall and other pilot friends for dinner. At a nearby table sat Mata Hari, daintily gowned as usual. Hall said he would like to meet her, and Nungesser light-hopped over for a chat with the slinky siren.

"The American over there at my table, Bert Hall, is the illegitimate son of a millionaire New York banker," he confided to her. "In civilian life he used to wear suits of clothes with the American dollar sign all over them." Mata Hari was duly impressed. She accompanied Nungesser over to Hall's table for an introduction. While they sat chatting and drinking, Nungesser and the others surreptitiously left the place. Hall, who had hardly even seen a millionaire, being a self-professed snake stomper from the hills of Kentucky, wound up paying the bill. He told about it years later in his best-selling book, "One Man's War."

The enemy had been reaping a terrible harvest of death on the fliers of Escadrille N.65 during those hectic weeks of 1916. Within a few weeks nearly three-fourths of the aviators were killed or wounded.

By July, flying as many as seven hours a day, Nungesser was an ace two times over. Largely as a morale factor for the depleted squadron, Nungesser was kept on its rolls, rather than being transferred to the elite *Cigognes* (Storks) group made up of several escadrilles of the highest scoring pilots. One could not apply for assignment to the Storks—one had to be asked. It was the group every pilot wanted most to fly with. Georges Guynemer was already a high-scoring Stork. But if Nungesser felt any disappointment at not being tapped, he said nothing of it to anyone. He talked freely of his exploits and would have been looked upon as a windbag except that he always achieved more than he predicted he would.

As always happens to men who speak without modesty of their successes, Nungesser was challenged at the mess one night to prove himself. He made a bet with a fellow aviator that he would not only score the next day, he would register two victories.

By dawn September 26, 1916, he was in the air looking for his first victory. He worried not one whit about game being scarce. German planes were dotting the skies in constantly increasing numbers.

By 7:15 a.m., Nungesser's chattering Lewis gun had smashed a black-crossed ship from the sky in the Spincourt Wood sector. Flying back to his aerodrome, Nungesser gassed up and took off on a strafing expedition. Near the Transloy Ridge he spotted a German observation balloon which had just been winched up. Zooming to 1800 feet, Nungesser aimed the nose of his Nieuport at the sausage and dived steeply on it. The bag burst into flames as his bullets ripped into it. The time was 8:05. He had scored his two victories and won his bet in less than an hour! But the jubilant ace was just getting warmed up to his work that day. By 11:00 he was hurtling into a fight over Allaumont, near the British sector, where he saw six German planes of a new two-

seater type attacking four British planes. Nungesser flew in to even up the contest and in seconds blasted one of the Hun airplanes from the sky.

The sensational three-in-a-day exploit made headlines. Not only the French press but the New York Times reported the unusual triple victory—the first of many news stories it was to have on the colorful Nungesser in the following years. But here again his glory was slightly dimmed by the fact that the red-hot Guynemer had scored three victories in only five minutes—just three days before. Guynemer was always a step ahead. It seemed.

Nungesser never did catch up to the frail Guynemer's record. A year later, when Guynemer had been shot down, Nungesser was proclaimed top ace, but the honor only saddened him. The "rivalry" between the two aces had only been so much publicity.

It was late September of 1917 that Nungesser accepted a challenge by the von Richthofen flying circus. The note, dropped at Nungesser's home base, invited him to individual combat with one of the German aces. The Bloody Baron himself, of course, was dead at this time, but the circus was named in his honor. Another well-known German flyer was commandant of the Douai-based circus at the time, Hermann Goering.

Arriving over the Douai field, six Hun planes, not just one, came up to meet Nungesser. But Nungesser piled into the unequal fray with savage fury. Wigwagging through the pack of Albatros fighters, Nungesser managed to shoot down two before he ran out of ammo and had to head for home. The memory of that duel rankled Goering long after Nungesser was dead.

A few weeks later, Nungesser, returning from a hospital where further work on his

battered body was done, found that he had been promoted to full lieutenant. Always a time for celebration, the promotion to Nungesser called for a real party. Packing fellow officers into his Mors car with Pauchon at the wheel, they all took off for Paris. But they never made it. Pauchon had a fainting spell, and the car crashed, killing Pauchon and injuring Nungesser.

Again hauled off to the hospital, the surgeons greeted Nungesser as an old friend. In token of his many scrapes with death, the battle-hardened medics answered Nungesser's good humor about his injuries with a citation of his wounds incurred over three years. The list included: fractured skull, skull concussion, internal injuries, five fractures of the upper jaw, four fractures of the lower jaw, shrapnel in right arm and knees, fragment of bullet in mouth, atrophied tendon of left leg, atrophied calf, pierced palate, dislocated left wrist, shoulder, and right foot. Nungesser, the doctors decided, was a walking medical textbook.

By now Nungesser had refused two medical discharges, but the authorities were unwilling to let him continue flying in spite of the tremendous morale factor he gave to other aviators. He had already given more of himself than any man could be expected to give short of death.

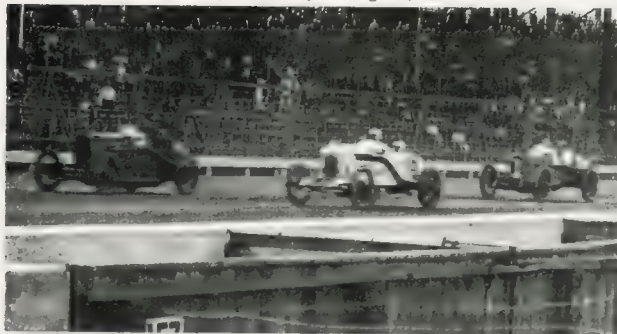
But the colorful pilot would have nothing with being grounded. Throughout the remainder of the war, he continued to add scores to his total. By Armistice, Nungesser, now a captain, had officially been credited with 45 kills, but unofficially, he probably had twice that many. For his bravery, he was awarded nearly all the medals the French government could give, as well as the U.S. Distinguished Service Cross, the Brit-

(Continued on Page 56)



the racer who died twice

(Continued from Page 37)



the limping Mercedes to the finish line. He glanced around and smiled in triumph and relief, for Resta was still in the stretch! De Palma crossed the finish line first and the crowd went wild. It was a race they would long remember—and a race the record books would long recall. In beating Resta, De Palma's pace had been so terrific that his 5:33:55 time and 89:84 mph average were not to be topped at Indianapolis for the next seven years!

Faulty pit work had cost Resta the race, but he was soon to demonstrate—and again and again—that he was made of the stuff of champions.

At the two mile Maywood Speedway, in Chicago, on June 26, 1915, Resta ran the fastest 500 miles ever run on the boards—

there, or anywhere else in the world—for many years. He ran away from a fast field to win in 5:07:26, for a smashing 97.58 mph average—a mark that was not beaten for 500 miles until 1924!

He was back in Chicago on August 7, matched in a four-man 100-mile race for the Challenge Cup, the World's Speedway Championship. Going against him were Earl Cooper (Stutz), Barney Oldfield (Delage), and "Wild Bob" Burman in his own rebuilt Peugeot. But none of them could match Resta's blazing pace. In winning, Resta became the first to ever do 100 miles in competition in less than one hour.

Pitted against Resta in a November invitational meet for the coveted Harkness Trophy at Brooklyn's beautiful Sheephead

Bay Speedway were Ralph Mumford, Bob Burman, Johnny Aitken (Peugots), Ralph De Palma (Mercedes), and Eddie Rickenbacker (Maxwell).

Here the pace was even swifter, and Resta blistered the boards on the high-banked Sheephead Bay saucer while first Aitken, then De Palma, and finally Mumford, burned up their engines trying to stay with him. Resta put 100 miles under his spinning wheels in 56:55.71 for a new American competition mark that was only 80 seconds under the world land speed record!

Resta began to close in on the national title but he was knocked out of the running when, after 100 miles at the Minneapolis Speedway in the third 500-mile race of 1915, his front-running Peugeot was forced out by motor trouble. That was third time he failed to finish in nine starts. Of the six races he had completed, he had taken four firsts and a total of 3320 points in only ten months of competition. It was not quite enough to beat Earl Cooper for the national championship, but it would have copped all but a very few national titles since then.

Even with the points against him, Resta could console himself with \$37,500 in purses—tops for the year.

Largely because of Resta's dramatic performances in his Peugeot, the Society of Automotive Engineers made it a point at one of their meetings, attended by some 300 of the nation's top designers, to disassemble and carefully study the French fireball.

Also, the leading American race car builders, impressed by Resta's victories, had long since been burning the midnight petrol over their own versions of the 16 valve, four cylinder, fully balanced motor. Louis and Arthur Chevrolet, Harry C. Stutz, the Duesenberg brothers, Harry Miller, and Mercer and Maxwell engineers had all accorded top priority to this project. Of them, Harry Miller and the Chevrolet brothers were to come up with the closest reproductions—cars destined to cop American race trophies in the years to come.

But in 1916 the Peugeot—with Resta at the reins—was still the unchallenged, unbeatable monster of the motor tracks. In fact, with Bob Burman, Ralph Mumford, and John Aitken all beginning to rack up record-breaking victories in the gallant French machine, 1916 was a Peugeot year in the United States. This has caused some critics to claim that Resta's greatness lay in his machine and not in his driving skill. To this criticism, one might simply point out that he consistently beat his Peugeot colleagues. The Peugeot was perhaps the greatest car of the era—but Resta was far and away its greatest driver.

In 1916, the Indianapolis race was cut to 300 miles because of the World War, and Resta easily outtraced Wilbur D'Alene's Duesenberg and 20 other challengers to win.

He had to "stand on it" a lot harder just a few days later on the boards in the 300 mile Chicago Derby. He reeled off a scorching 98.70 mph average to trounce his old rival, De Palma, and a fast field.

With their customary flair for showmanship, the Chicago Speedway promoters arranged then a series of match race sprints between Resta and De Palma for the following week, and 20,000 spectators had the rare thrill of seeing two of the greatest race driv-

iron ace of france

(Continued from Page 55)

ish Military Cross, plus Belgian, Portuguese, and Russian decorations. He wore them all on ceremonial occasions, and the ribbon of his *Croix de Guerre* actually reached down to his navel—there were now 21 palms attached to it.

At war's end, Nungesser almost did not know what to do with himself. He started a flying school, but it folded in face of little interest and less money. He then organized a flying circus with several other flyers and staged mock dogfights around the country.

In 1923, he married Consuelo Hatmaker, a descendant of John Sutter, first discoverer of gold in California. With his American bride and his flying circus, Nungesser came to the U.S., staging aerial exhibitions. And while he was in California, he made a movie, *The Sky Raider*, based on his wartime exploits. Then he returned to France alone. Perhaps his free spirit was too much for Consuelo, for she divorced him.

On the morning of May 8, 1927, Charles Nungesser and fellow flying ace, Capt. Francois Coli, warmed up a big white bi-plane for a trip across the Atlantic Ocean. The two colorful flyers were trying for a \$25,000 prize for the first flight across the ocean—a prize that was won by Charles Lindbergh just 12 days later. As the plane rose off the ground at Le Bourget airport near Paris,

thousands cheered Nungesser. But that was the last anyone was to see of the flyer.

Whether engine trouble or bad weather forced the plane down will probably never be known. But evidence discovered just a few months ago seems to point out that Nungesser and Coli had accomplished most of their mission. Two lobstermen, fishing off the coast of Maine, pulled in a fragment of airplane wreckage. Examination has proven that the fragment was definitely the same vintage as the plane Nungesser and Coli were flying, but further investigations, now under way, will determine whether it is part of their plane.

There is just one more note to be added to the Nungesser saga. A monument was erected by the French people at Etretat. It depicted a helmeted Nungesser and his companion Coli gazing out over the sea in the direction in which they had vanished.

After the Germans occupied France in WW II, the monument was dynamited in 1942, on orders of Luftwaffe Marshal Hermann Goering. Apparently Goering could not forget the humiliating duel over Duval in which Nungesser shot down two of his men a quarter century before.

But, though he gave the final order which blasted the monument into granite dust, Goering could do nothing to erase the memory of Nungesser from the hearts of the French people. Madcap Charles Nungesser, with his incredible fortitude and valorous deeds, was too much of a hero to be forgotten.





ers of all time, in two of the greatest speed creations of the age, in a titanic grudge battle.

In the first heat at 24 miles, Resta's blue French comet rocketed around the rim of the big oval at 105 miles an hour to set a new American record which was just too torrid for De Palma's Mercedes to match.

The old Maywood track was a lucky one for Resta and if anyone could lift the \$1500 purse offered for a run of one minute or less for the two mile saucer, it was sure to be the monarch of the motor tracks. On August 17, Resta made a valiant try, missing by a scant 3½ seconds. His reward was a track mark of 113.5 mph—a mark that nobody at Maywood ever came close to again.

He set his seventh American speedway record—this one at 103.99 mph—in winning the 250 mile Grand American Prize Race on October 14 at Chicago. He was seconds ahead of another peerless Peugeot pilot, Johnny Aitken, who was pushing him for top honors, that year.

In November, 1916, Resta shipped west for the running of the last Vanderbilt Cup Race at Santa Monica, California. It was the last of a series and the fastest, for Resta took it at 86.98 mph to establish an all time record for this famous event. It is a mark that still compares well with some of the figures set by our more modern cars and contemporary drivers for a 294 mile course.

The 1916 National Championship was within Resta's grasp. He seemed to have definitely won it when, early in the Grand American Prize Race on November 19, Johnny Aitken, his only real rival for the annual crown, was forced out in the second lap. But Resta went out too—in the 18th lap. Thereupon the Aitken car owners called in Howdy Willcox, driving their second car, and gave it to Aitken who immediately sped into the lead.

While the race was on, Resta asked for an official ruling on whether Aitken would get championship points should he win. He was told the rules prohibited the awarding of points to Aitken for a relief stint. Then a long rhubarb ensued during which the officials reversed themselves twice but finally abided by the rule that a driver could not receive points for finishing a car as a relief driver.

There was no question about Resta's 4100 points. He had won them fairly and they

were, incidentally, the highest total of points ever collected. He had established a record for a single season—and that record is still unapproached today, some 40 years afterward! And he was justly declared the AAA National Champion.

But the California fans had swung their allegiance to Aitken, and trouble began.

A \$10,000 prize had been posted by the B. F. Goodrich Company for victory in the National Championship, and an impressive presentation was planned to precede the last race of the 1916 season at the Ascot Mile in Los Angeles late in November.

A gigantic standing floral wreath was erected at the Los Angeles track, and beneath this wreath passed celebrities, movie idols, and auto racing greats to pay their homage to Resta. A brass band blared triumphant marches amid the pomp and circumstance.

Then Frank Chase, star of the Chicago White Sox, stepped forward to make the award to Resta. A stony silence ensued. There was no applause, no shouting—none of the cheering to which the great racing crowd-pleaser had been so accustomed. Nothing but a cold curtain of indifference.

Resta was the legitimately crowned king of racing, but his retinue had rejected him. It fell as a terrible blow to the fighting foreigner who had smashed and re-smashed almost every record in the books. He could never understand this trait of Americans to sympathize with the underdog. He walked slowly to his seat and sat there grim-faced and silent for the rest of the day. He would never again be the same happy wizard of the roaring road after that day, for his Italian blood would not let him forget this supreme insult given him by the fickle fans who had loved him one day and hated him the next.

He soon thereafter retired from racing. He invested his \$100,000 prize money in a motor firm which he took over, for autos were still his one true love. He tried in vain to find

diversion and to forget the past. He took up amateur boxing, won some roller skating prizes, dabbled in golf—striving without success to forget the petrol which throbbled in his veins.

Under pressure from his friend Louis Chevrolet, he did agree to drive Chevrolet's new Frontenac racer at Sheepshead Bay in a 100 miles. He was soon forced out.

Four times he raced in sprints at Sheepshead in 1918—and four times he lost. At Chicago, where he had once been invincible, he tried three races. His old skill brought him one third and one second, but the old fire was gone.

The next year, at Sheepshead Bay, it was a third and twice out in three starts. The ashes were quenched.

Sick and disheartened, Resta went back into retirement.

But he grew restless and tried a comeback four years later. Yet the old master, the man who had been unbeatable on the boards, was only a distant eighth in a 250 mile race on the Beverly Hills Speedway, in Los Angeles, in 1923.

The last time America saw him was at the wheel of a Packard in the 1923 Indianapolis 500, and he left in the 69th lap with a blown gasket.

Shortly thereafter, the broken and dispirited Resta—truly the brightest meteor on the American racing scene—left this country and returned to Britain. He tried for a comeback there, tried to revive the glory which had once been his, but neither the flesh nor the spirit were willing and he hurtled to his death at Brooklands September 2, 1924.

A repentant American public honored his memory in racing's Hall of Fame—the only person to ever enter racing's sacred shrine after only two years of full completion. It was partly a monument to the memory of his greatness—it was also a belated tombstone for the man who died in California on a cold day in 1916.

B

britain's king of strip

(Continued from Page 51)



Raymond nudes? Many are beautiful enough to win roles in motion pictures and television. Recently, Mickey Spillane, casting for his latest film in London, chose one of Ray-

mond's blonde beauties as the sex-lure of his new mystery. According to Lloyd Nolan, one of the stars in the film, this unknown has an excellent chance of making it big.

Many Raymond girls have gone on to fame and its accompanying fortune, some have married into titles, and others have climbed the ladder of show business success. Much like the famous Ziegfeld girls of another generation, the Raymond girls are unique, and it is little wonder why British beauties try desperately to become a fixture in his now-famous chorus line. Even his "bunnies" at the Bal Tabarin have reason to be happy. They work only a few hours each night for a minimum wage scale of 40 pounds (roughly \$120) and, in addition, receive lavish tips which bring their weekly incomes much higher than the highly-publicized "bunnies" of Playboy Club fame.

Raymond is the first to admit that his revues are not classic burlesque. Its bumps have been shock-absorbed into harmless "thank-you-ma-ams" and its grinds are slowed down to a walk. But only sailors and oldtimers could complain; it is a spectacularly busty pageant, flashily costumed, swarming with nude delicacies. After all, you cannot expect the staid English to let their hair down all the way—even though they are willing to let their clothes down.

B

colt versus adams

(Continued from Page 16)



The reaction from Colt's via Van Oppen, was a request to put the pistol to the test, and a trial was arranged for October.

The revolver chosen to compete against the Colt was the Adams center-fire, the official British Army revolver.

A double-action, solid frame, six shot revolver, it was chambered for the .450 Boxer cartridge, which consisted of a thin brass shell riveted to an iron base. When empty the pistol weighed about 2 pounds 8 ounces. It was loaded and unloaded in a manner similar to the later Colt Peacemaker, by a hinged gate on the right hand side, and an ejection rod alongside the barrel.

The exact date of the trial in October, 1869, between the Adams and the Colt is not certain because most of the press reports, which are dated between the 21st and 23rd of the month, merely refer to the trials of "last week."

London's leading newspaper, "The Times," gave the best account, and its coverage took up a column and a half of its October 21, 1869, issue. It was pointed out that the trial had been arranged for the satisfaction of Mr. Healey, Editor of "The Engineer." The trial took place at the Government Small Arms Range at Woolwich Arsenal, specially loaned for the occasion. Two Royal Artillery officers, Captains Majendie and Slessor, officially employed in the Royal Laboratory, were present to note the results and see that the experiment was fair.

"The Times" went on: "Mr. Adams shot with his own pistol; Mr. Lawrence represented the Colt converted arm, though another gentleman, an amateur, undertook the actual practice. Mr. Healey supplied a proportion of the ammunition, having bought it from the respective inventors. The rest was brought down to the ground by the competitors."

At this point it is worth noting that "The Engineer" had this to say of the ammunition: "The cartridges used throughout the trials were filled by Messrs. Eley Brothers, and we regret to say with not a little irregu-

larity. In several instances the charge appeared distinctly short, and in one case this evil was carried to a minimum, a Colt cartridge being found to be absolutely destitute of powder or lubricating wax. Of course it is not to be supposed that inaccuracies of loading are impossible, but every care should be taken to guard against the issue of empty cases properly capped and with the bullets inserted."

The first experiment was to test rapidity only, 24 rounds were fired from each pistol. The cartridges were placed on a table close at hand, and the pistols had to be empty at the start of the experiment. Only when the last empty cartridge was ejected from each pistol would the test time be completed.

Two sets of 24 shots were fired, the first using ammunition brought along by the competitors and the second supplied by Mr. Healey. The results showed that the Adams took 1½ minutes and 1 minute 35 seconds respectively; the Colt took 2 minutes and 2 minutes 20 seconds. This resulted, according to "The Times", in a mean time for the Adams of 1 minute 32½ seconds and 2 minutes 10 seconds for the Colt. The superiority of the Adams was about 38 seconds or 41 per cent.

The competitors next tried shooting for accuracy, using an ordinary hand rest. At 60 yards, using ammunition supplied by the respective inventors, 24 shots were fired. The Adams' target was 5.45" and the Colt 8.62". Mr. Healey's ammunition was then tried and the Adams made a grouping of 7.25" compared to the Colt's 9.7". The Colt missed once (possibly the powderless cartridge referred to) and had this been counted as a hit on the edge of the target nearest to the point aimed at, the figure would have been 9.75".

Moving in to 30 yards, and using ammunition brought along by the competitors, the shooting resulted in a grouping for the Adams of 3.37" and for the Colt 6.79".

It was next decided to test rapidity and accuracy at both 60 and 30 yards, 24 rounds each, using Mr. Healey's ammunition. At 60 yards the Adams group at 7.91" in a time of 2 minutes 32 seconds. The Colt group measured 11.70" in 2 minutes 55 seconds.

The two marksmen then shot at 30 yards, and this time the Adams group at 5.62" in 2 minutes 5 seconds, and the Colt 5.16" in 2 minutes 55 seconds—the same as for 60 yards. The over-all superiority of the Adams was: Accuracy 2.37" equal to 40 per cent, and in rapidity 29 seconds or 19 per cent.

By now the Colt side must have felt pretty demoralized, especially as it became obvious that their unnamed marksman did not seem to be doing as well as they believed their weapon was capable. Something of a similar thought must have occurred to the correspondent of "The Times" because he expressed the opinion: "We cannot, however, but believe that the apparent superiority of the Adams pistol is greater than its actual superiority. The gentleman in whose hands the Colt was placed for firing, and whose name we do not know, was said to be one of the best shots in London. But when, at a later state of the experiments, the results of penetration only was to be determined and good shooting had nothing whatever to do with the matter, the Colt pistol was intrusted to Captain Slessor, R.A., and he made better practice at 60 yards than the London amateur

had made at 30 yards. It has always hitherto been believed that the Colt pistols shoot straighter and hit harder than the Adams. Possibly the 'converted Colt' may have lost these advantages. It is certain, at least, that it has lost, if it ever possessed, one of them, as will be apparent from the results of the trials for penetration, which we now proceed to give.

"The target was composed of a number of half-inch dry elm boards, one inch apart. The competitors were to fire until each of them had succeeded in putting six shots at 60 yards range and six shots at 30 yards range into the small space offered by the target. The ammunition was throughout that brought by Mr. Healey. . ."

The Adams penetration at 60 yards was four boards and a denting of the fifth. The Colt's best was the penetration of three boards and denting the fourth. This gave a mean penetration of 3.5" for the Adams and 2.33" for the Colt.

At 30 yards, the Adams penetrated four boards and dented the fifth and the Colt penetrated four but did not dent the fifth. This gave the Adams a mean penetration of 3.16" compared to the Colt's 3", making the over-all superiority of the Adams for penetration about 25 per cent.

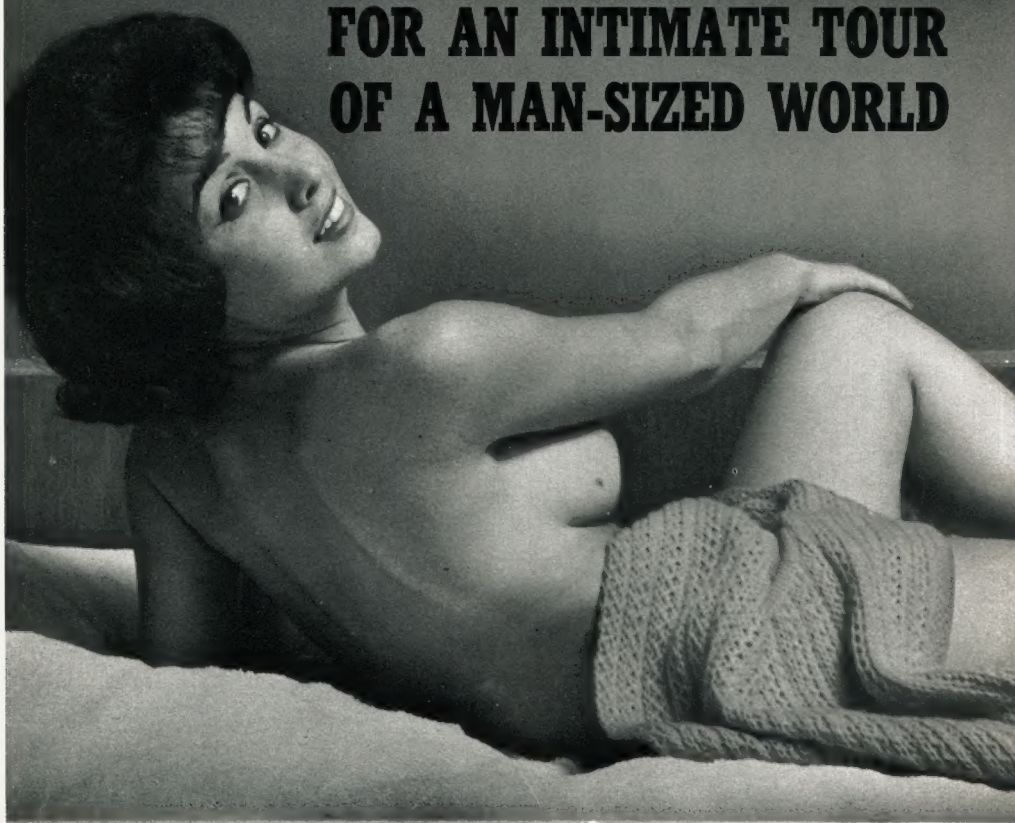
In its summing up "The Times" said: "The question which will probably arise in the minds of those who already possess Colt's unconverted revolvers, 'Shall we sacrifice a probable superiority in accuracy of shooting and penetration for the sake of greater rapidity of loading—shall we, in fact, pay for having our pistols converted into breechloaders?' must be answered, according to our opinion, in the affirmative. The results of the experiments last week show that intending purchasers of new pistols will be wise to buy the Adams rather than the Colt, but that those who are already in possession of Colt's revolvers may be quite content with having them converted into breechloaders on the new system. . ."

There can be little doubt that the result of the Woolwich trial was a bitter blow for Colt's. "The Times" suggestion that in converting their pistols they had lost something of the original accuracy and penetration of the cap and ball weapons was true. Experiments carried out in the 1850's had shown that the penetration of the .44 Dragoon and the .36 Navy was equal at certain distances to regulation muskets.

But even allowing for the poor marksmanship on the part of Colt's unknown pistoleer, there is no doubt that the converted Colt was inferior to the Adams revolver. Yet despite the failure of the Thuer conversion, Colt was already preparing to enter the cartridge field in earnest. The United States Government had refused Rollin White's application to have his patent extended on the grounds that it would force them to pay a large royalty to White and Smith & Wesson for the privilege of altering revolvers to cartridge when they had already been well paid.

At long last the door was open to Colt and their rivals. It was now but a short step to the cartridge revolver that was to reinstate Colt's as the leading light in the American gunmaking field—The Peacemaker—and wipe out the memory of the Colt that tried and failed.

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